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CONTENTS

	Page
The Triumph of Medicine	7
A Short Story by REVERE BEASLEY	
Our Stupid Athletes	16
By K. K. KOST	
Home Town	19
By BERT J. FRIEDMAN	
Editorials	23
By G. M. ONDECK	
Your Grandfather Did It Too	26
By E. A. HONIG	
A Strange Experience	31
A Short Story by H. A. SEWARD	
The AutoGiro	35
By WALTON FORSTALL, JR.	
The Running-Down of the Universe	38
By MAURICE B. ROSALSKY	
The Scientific Studies of Leonardo Da Vinci	41
By E. S. BROTZMAN	
Prudy's Three Adventures	45
By ERWIN F. UNDERWOOD	
Plays	47
Mediocrity	50
By FELIX P. SHAY	
Books	51



The Lehigh Review



THE TRIUMPH OF MEDICINE

By REVERE BEASLEY

A short story based upon the play of the same name by the
French Dramatist, Jules Romains.

Author's Note:—My purpose in writing this story has been to bring to American readers something of the spirit of modern French drama. One of the best ways to create a friendly feeling for another nation is to know something of its literature. There are many translations of French works available, but so many Americans, in the rush of business and the whirl of society, have not the time to read many of the longer pieces. Therefore, I have endeavored to condense one of the representative plays of the day.

The play has been written in short story, rather than dramatic form, because I feel that the omission of lines would prove somewhat disconnected, if done in the latter style. By using the form of the short story, a continuous narrative is possible, without the loss of any of the interest of the original. In every case, the story has been taken from the original French, rather than from an English translation, and the dialogue is, for the most part, quoted from the lines which appear in the play.

I
KNOCK, Dr. Parpalaid and his wife stood before a very dilapidated automobile of the vintage of 1900. The car seemed to be about ready to fall apart, in spite of the many repairs which the doctor had made, in the hope that there might possibly be something modern about its appearance. Knock gazed amusedly from the car to the doctor.

"I should never forgive myself," remarked Madam Parpalaid, "if we were ever so foolish as to sell that car."

Knock looked doubtful, but said nothing.

"Yes," added the doctor, "it is a sport model with all of the many advantages of the old double phaeton. Notice how easily Jean was able to stow your bags away. I do wish you had more things to carry so that you might avail yourself of the great advantages of my machine.

You know, in the profession one really can't get along without a car. Shall we get in?"

The process of getting seated in the old vehicle was by no means easily accomplished. Madam Parpalaid settled herself first, with Knock at her left in order that, as she said, he might not miss any of the beautiful scenery. Dr. Parpalaid was the last to climb in. After trampling on Knock's feet, and bumping his wife's hat almost off of her head, he sat on the small extra seat. "All right, Jean," he called to the chauffeur, "let's be on our way."

While the little group was arranging itself in the car, Jean had been trying to start the engine, which refused so much as to cough. He adjusted the spark-lever, violently worked the vacuum pump, turned the crank first in one direction and then in the other, but the

car would not start. He made re-adjustments, but to no avail. In all of his efforts he was spurred on by unnecessary and stupid suggestions from the doctor and Madam Parpalaid. Knock remained silent, but it was very evident that he was quite disgusted with the whole performance. At last, after many loud explosions, the car began to move.

They had been several minutes on the road when the doctor turned to Knock, slapped him on the back, and exclaimed, "Believe me, my successor, for from this moment you are my successor, you have done a very wise thing. Yes, from this very instant my whole practice is yours. Even if some patient along the way should recognize me and seek the aid of my art, I would say to him, 'You are mistaken, Sir. This is the doctor'." His remarks were punctuated by loud noises from the engine. "If," he continued, "I had not wanted to finish my career in a large city, I should never have agreed to turn my practice here over to you. Then, too, my wife's rheumatism makes it impossible for us to stay here."

"Your wife is troubled with rheumatism?" inquired Knock. "Is there much of it in this section?"

"Yes. The climate, although healthful enough in general, is good for nothing in particular. Many of the people here are rheumatic. However, they have never thought of seeing the doctor about it, any more than of seeing the curate about rain."

"That is unfortunate," muttered Knock.

During this conversation the engine had been making a great deal of noise. Finally Madam Parpalaid, realizing that the car would not go much further, suggested that they stop to observe the unusual view to be had from that point. Hardly had she stopped speaking when the car coughed and came to a halt. Jean leaned over to the doctor and whispered, "Something is wrong, Sir. I must clean

out the gas line." "Yes, yes," replied Dr. Parpalaid under his breath. Then to the others, "Shall we follow my wife's suggestion, and look around a bit?"

While Jean repaired the engine, Knock asked many questions concerning his new practice. He found that the people were in the habit of paying, not at the time of their call, but on the first of each October. This news did not please him at all. The doctor also informed Knock that in Saint-Maurice there was no such thing as a regular patient. Those who were ill called for a single treatment, had their small prescriptions filled at the Pharmacy, and bothered the doctor no more. Calls at the peasants' houses were unheard of. "You will be very independent," he added.

"In other words," said Knock with disdain, "you have ceded to me,—for several thousand which I still owe you,—a practice which is comparable to this broken-down car. It is not hard to see that I will have to adopt entirely new methods, if I expect to make a success of this good-for-nothing practice which you are leaving to me!"

Dr. Parpalaid listened in astonishment. When he had gained control of himself, he asked, "And have you a method? Do tell me what it is."

Knock, however, refused to discuss the matter. He merely smiled and said, "Results are the only things that count. You have left me nothing, therefore, I start at zero. Come back one year from now,—no, come back in three months,—and you will see how my method has worked. And now, tell me a few things about the town. Has it a Crier who makes public announcements?"

"Yes, but he hasn't much to do. He usually announces the loss of pocketbooks and the like."

"How many inhabitants are there? Are they poor people?"

"There are about six thousand, but

very few of them are poor. The majority are quite rich. Most of them have retired and live on the income from their huge farms."

"Are the people given to secret societies, superstitions, and miracles?"

"There are none of these things. The women were quite interested in spiritualism, but even that has died out."

Knock drew a deep breath, brought the back of one hand noisily down upon the palm of the other, and exclaimed, "The age of medicine is about to begin!" He walked over to the machine where Jean was busily removing and replacing the various parts. He stood watching him for a few minutes. Then he turned to Dr. Parpalaid, "Would it be inhuman to ask a new effort of that car? I am in a great hurry to get to Saint-Maurice."

"And why," asked Madam Parpalaid, "are you so anxious to get to the town which, a few minutes ago, you were so violently cursing?"

"Because," replied Knock, smiling, "I see there a harvest of gold which you and your husband, the doctor, should have reaped. You, madam, might have been covered with pearls; and you, Doctor, might have been seated in a shining limousine instead of perched up on this monument to the first efforts of modern genius." With these remarks Knock strode over to the "monument".

Jean stopped his work and turned to the doctor. "I am afraid, Sir," he whispered, "that you will have to start ahead on foot. I can't seem to locate the trouble."

Dr. Parpalaid looked annoyed.

"I might be able to push it," suggested Jean, "at least as long as we are on a level road."

Dr. Parpalaid returned to the others, laughing as though Jean had just related something very funny. "All right," he called, "let's get back into the car. Jean, who is a regular Hercules, wants to make

us go without the help of the engine. He is going to substitute muscular energy for that of electricity. After all, they are similar."

The little group climbed once more into the antique machine; Jean leaned against it and started to push. So it was that Knock was conveyed into the town of Saint-Maurice, where he was to put his new method into practice.

II

Knock sat at his desk in the former office of Dr. Parpalaid. Before him, nervously twisting his cap, sat a red-faced peasant. The walls of the room were covered with a multitude of anatomical charts and diagrams. At these the peasant was curiously staring. After some time had elapsed, Knock asked, "So you are the Town Crier?"

"Yes, Sir."

Something in this reply did not seem to please Knock, for he scowled viciously. "Call me '**Doctor**' when you address me," he said. "And if you have occasion to speak of me to the Townspeople, never fail to explain, 'the **doctor** has said,' or, 'the **doctor** has done . . .'" When you spoke among yourselves of Dr. Parpalaid, what terms did you use? Did you speak of him as 'the Doctor'?"

"Oh, no," the peasant informed him. "We called him '**Mr. Parpalaid**', or even '**the assassin**'."

Knock smiled cynically. "And why '**The Assassin**'?"

When the Crier said that he guessed it was just a name, Knock added, "I think I know, but it doesn't matter. What did you think of him as a doctor?"

"Well, I guess he was all right," began the peasant, hesitatingly, "but when you'd call at his office, he would never find anything wrong with you. He'd just say, 'You're not sick, my man. Just go about your business, and you'll feel better in a few days.'"

"Just as I thought," mused Knock. "But, enough of that. How much did you charge Dr. Parpalaid for making an announcement?"

The Crier explained that the doctor had never given him anything to announce.

Knock showed no surprise, but told the man that he wanted him to proclaim throughout the town that Dr. Knock, successor to Dr. Parpalaid, would give free consultations to the people of Saint-Maurice on Monday mornings from nine to eleven.

Charges were discussed, and it was agreed that Knock was to pay the Crier by giving him a free examination. Since the man desired to be paid in advance, the examination was begun. The Crier complained that he was troubled with indigestion.

"Ah," said Knock, "how old are you?"

He was fifty-one.

Knock laid his hand on the peasant's shoulder. "My man," said he, "go about your work as usual to-day, but to-night go to bed early. To-morrow, stay in bed, and I will stop in to see you. For you my visits will be free, but tell no one. It is a favor."

The Crier looked anxiously at the doctor. "You are very good," he said, "but this ailment of mine, is it very serious?"

"Not now," Knock told him, "but it may develop into something very bad indeed. You must not drink or smoke. For supper you may eat a little porridge. Then to-morrow I will prescribe further. Remember what I have told you."

"Don't you think it might be better for me to go to bed at once? I really don't feel quite easy."

"In your case it would be bad to go to bed before sun-set," Knock told him, as he opened the door. "Make your announcements as if nothing were wrong, and wait quietly until evening."

The peasant took his leave, and Knock

smiled with satisfaction as he closed the office door, muttering to himself, "The Age of Medicine has begun."

Hardly had Knock returned to his desk after the departure of the Town Crier, when Mr. Bernard, the School-Master, entered. The doctor walked across the room to greet him. "I hope I haven't inconvenienced you too much by asking you to come here at this hour," he said. "I wanted to talk to you about certain things which we must do together; things which are very urgent."

Mr. Bernard sat down, looked about him, and asked, "What can there be that we must do together? Dr. Parpalaid and I had no connection with each other, that is, of course, besides an occasional game of billiards at the 'Sign of the Key'. What else could there be?"

Knock pretended to be very much surprised. "Certainly you and Dr. Parpalaid worked together in the instruction of the people upon matters of health," he exclaimed.

Bernard shook his head.

"That is deplorable. There are a thousand things upon which the doctor and the school-master must be in accord. How many of your people know what a microbe is?"

"I doubt if there are any who know," admitted Bernard. "Nor do they know anything of Hygiene and Prophylactics."

"Unbelievable!" exploded Knock. "Mr. Bernard, you and I must attempt to repair the damage done by years of,—of,—shall we say carelessness."

Bernard nodded weakly.

"I can care for the sick without you," continued the doctor, "but sickness is the thing which you must help me to combat. Let us begin at the beginning. I have here a complete set of notes and a projector. There is in the notes a lecture on Typhoid Fever. It is your duty to instruct the people, by means of these notes and lantern slides, upon the innumerable

carriers of this terrible and insidious disease; water, bread, milk, and the like. You must tell them of all the evils. Do you understand what I mean?"

"I think so," replied the teacher. "I shall follow your plan."

"Thank you," said Knock. "It is well to be careful about these things. You, for example, may be a carrier of the dread germs."

Bernard jumped to his feet.

"Don't be alarmed. I merely used you as an example," continued the doctor. "Ah, I hear Mr. Mousquet outside. You must excuse me, and thank you for your promise to help."

Mr. Bernard left the office, happy that he was to help the doctor in his work, but worried at the thought of Typhoid germs lurking everywhere. So occupied was he with his thoughts, that he did not notice that Mr. Mousquet had entered while the doctor was yet speaking.

Mr. Mousquet was Saint-Maurice's only Pharmacist. He was a small tired-looking man, whose appearance was that of one who has had a hard struggle in life; his shoulders were stooped, and his clothes much the worse for wear. He smiled weakly as he entered the room.

"Won't you sit down, my dear Mr. Mousquet?" greeted Knock, affably. "I took the opportunity to-day of looking in at your shop. It is certainly a very well-equipped Pharmacy, — modern in every detail. It did my heart good, because I believe that the doctor who cannot depend upon a pharmacist is as badly off as the general who goes into battle without his artillery."

"I am happy," said Mousquet, "that you can appreciate the importance of my profession. You see, Dr. Parpalaïd did not. He sent very few to me for medicine, and then only for very cheap drugs."

"I sometimes wonder," mused Knock, "whether my predecessor really believed in medicine. At least, he did not make

the best of the possibilities. In a town as large as this, you and I should not suffer want. I claim that all of the inhabitants of Saint-Maurice are, *ipso facto*, your natural clients."

"All?" inquired the pharmacist, doubtfully. "Isn't that a great deal to ask? It is true that occasionally someone falls ill, and thus becomes our client, but . . ."

Knock did not wait for him to finish the sentence. "Falls ill?" he snapped. "That is an old notion that was believed before science came into being. Health is merely a word. Everyone is sick in some degree. Of course, if you tell a man he is well, he believes you, and asks no more; but you deceive him!" Knock rose. "Listen to me," he continued, seizing both of Mousquet's hands, "I may be presumptuous, but if in one year you have not gained all the wealth that is your due; if Madam Mousquet does not have the dresses and hats worthy of her position, it will be no fault of mine."

"My dear Doctor," exclaimed Mousquet, "I would be most ungrateful if I did not thank you heartily, and most wretched if I did not aid you to the best of my ability." He started for the door, turned, and once more shook hands with the doctor.

"Good-bye," said Knock. "You may count on me as I count on you." Having thus laid the foundation for his great theory, Knock began to prepare himself to meet those who were already gathering for consultations.

His first patient was a woman of about forty. She was very simply dressed in an unornamented black suit, and bore about her the air of avariciousness common to the peasants. When the doctor questioned her about her home life, she explained that she and her husband lived alone on a large farm. In order to show the doctor how much work she had to do, she described the great size of the farm, giving a full account of the vast quantity

of live stock she owned.

Knock realized from this description that she was indeed a wealthy woman. "Then you have little time to care for yourself," he said. "Are you usually very fatigued, lacking an appetite, and troubled with indigestion?"

The woman nodded.

"Did you ever fall from a ladder when you were a child?"

She did not remember having done so. She was sure she hadn't.

Knock felt her pulse, looked at her tongue, and took her temperature. "Try to recall," he continued. "It must have been a high ladder."

"Maybe you are right," she said. "Perhaps I did fall."

"It was a ladder about ten feet high, placed against a wall. You fell over backwards. It was your left hip upon which you landed."

"So it was."

"Did you consult Dr. Parpalaid about it?"

"No. You see, he didn't give free consultations."

Knock looked at her in silence. Then, "If you want to be completely cured, I am afraid it will be a long and expensive process. It is impossible to cure in five minutes a trouble which has been growing for forty years. Ever since your fall from the ladder, the case has been getting worse."

"Oh, I **do** want to get well. How much will it cost, Doctor?"

"About the value of two pigs and two cows."

The woman looked distressed at the great cost.

Knock walked over to a blackboard and began to draw a diagram. He pointed out, in terms which the woman could not hope to understand, how serious the imaginary accident had been. "Possibly," he continued, "you might let it go and not bother about a cure. Money is

so hard to get these days."

"I can't let this trouble get any worse," cried the woman in despair. "You must treat me for it."

Knock instructed her as to diet, told her to go to bed immediately upon arriving at home, and explained that he would stop in to see her in a few days.

The woman sighed and left the office.

As the door closed behind her, Knock called to his servant. "Take this prescription over to Mr. Mousquet," he said, handing him a slip of paper, "and have him deliver it at once."

Other patients followed, one after another. The ante-room was filled with people; rich and poor alike. Some were really ill, some had minor ailments, and a great many, with whom there was nothing the matter, had grasped the opportunity for a free examination. To all Knock gave practically the same advice. Almost everyone was sent home to bed, and each received a prescription to be filled at the Pharmacy. When eleven o'clock arrived, the new doctor of Saint-Maurice felt that the day had been most successful.

III

The main room of the hotel had been carefully cleaned. The desk, tables and walls had all been painted white. Everything was spotless. Madam Remy, the owner, was busying herself rolling bandages. She turned to Scipion as he entered the room. "Where did that valise come from, Scipion? We weren't expecting the woman from Saint-Marcelline until to-night. Has she arrived already?"

"No," replied the servant, "that valise is from Lyons. Mr. Parpalaid is here."

"What can he want?" asked Madam Remy, who seemed very much disturbed by the appearance of the former doctor of Saint-Maurice. "We have no room for him. There is only one room vacant, and I am saving that for the woman from

Saint-Marcelline. You will have to tell him, Scipion, that there is no place here for him. On second thought, I will tell him myself, but first let us go and prepare the thermometers. It is almost time to take the patients' temperatures."

Hardly had the two left the room when Dr. Parpalaid entered. "Hm," he muttered, "there is my valise, but where is everybody? Scipion! Madam Remy!"

He was about to go upstairs when the maid came in from the next room.

"Where is the owner?" demanded Parpalaid. "I wish to be shown to my room."

"Did you make an appointment?" asked the maid. "Have you arranged for your treatment?"

"Treatment!" Parpalaid fairly exploded. "Do I look sick? I am Dr. Parpalaid. Only three months ago I was the doctor in this town. Don't you live here?"

"Yes," she replied. "I have lived here all my life, but I didn't know that there had been a doctor here before Dr. Knock came. Please excuse me, Sir. Madam Remy will be here directly. I must finish sterilizing the pillow-cases."

Dr. Parpalaid looked about him in dismay. "This hotel has certainly taken on a peculiar atmosphere," he said to himself.

A few minutes later Madam Remy entered, and informed him that all the rooms were occupied.

Dr. Parpalaid thought that it must be a holiday, but was quickly told that it was not. Madam Remy explained to him how Dr. Knock had converted the hotel into a hospital, where people from all over the country were receiving treatment.

Parpalaid looked doubtful.

"Yes," continued Madam Remy, "travelers who come to Saint-Maurice on business, hearing of Dr. Knock, stop here for a consultation. Many make the trip here especially, for our treatment is re-

nowned. When they are examined by the doctor, he sends them to bed, and begins his treatment. We are planning to build a much larger hospital in the near future, because we cannot accommodate all those who come here."

"It seems to me," said Parpalaid, "that the people were healthier when I was here. There was very little sickness among us then."

"That is not true," declared Madam Remy. "The people did not know how to take care of themselves then, that is the only difference. That has all changed now, thank God."

"It must bring in a rather large revenue to the doctor when people want to enjoy the luxury of being sick."

Madam Remy was very much perturbed. "At any rate, no one would ever dare to say that Dr. Knock was interested in money. The rich pay dearly, to be sure, but the poor, never! When a poor man calls here, he receives the same care as the rest, but is not expected to pay a penny for his treatment. There is no discrimination. Dr. Knock exerts the utmost care in every one of his cases. Take, for example, the case of Mr. Bernard, the School-Master. He had the idea that he was a carrier of germs. Dr. Knock gave him three tests to prove that he was not. And now let me have your valise. I'll try to find a corner for you somewhere." She picked up the grip, and disappeared up the stairs.

Parpalaid started to follow when Mousquet opened the door.

"Why, Dr. Parpalaid," he cried, "it's a long while since we've seen you in Saint-Maurice. Are you happy in the city? You have a great many patients, I suppose."

"Not many, but I am happy. I trust Madam Mousquet is well."

"She is much better, thank you. You will recall the headaches of which she used to complain. You told her that it

was nothing serious. Dr. Knock diagnosed the case as insufficient secretions on the endocrine glands. She has been under his care, and is improving rapidly. The old headaches have disappeared completely. She still has headaches, of course, but these are from overwork, and are quite natural. We are kept busy incessantly. I am going to take an assistant. Can you recommend someone to me?"

"Not at present, but I'll look around."

"Would you believe it, my wife and I are up until half-past eleven every night filling prescriptions. Not only have I increased my profits four-fold, but I have the satisfaction of knowing that I am helping the doctor so much. Ah, here he comes now."

"Gentlemen," greeted Knock. "How are you, Dr. Parpalaid? I have been thinking about you. Have you been wondering about that money I owe you? You shall have it at once."

"It was not the money that brought me here," explained Parpalaid. "I came to see how that method of yours was working. Mr. Mousquet has just been telling me how busy you are."

"Oh, yes indeed. Will you excuse us, Mr. Mousquet, while I talk things over with Dr. Parpalaid?"

Mousquet nodded his assent.

"Step into my office a moment, and I will show you some figures."

Parpalaid followed Knock into the office where one wall had been painted to represent a graph.

"Here," began Knock, "are my figures for the three months that I have been here. I did not know how many calls you used to have at your office per week, so I set the number at five."

Parpalaid protested that there were twice that number.

"So be it," continued Knock. "Here are my lists; end of October, 90; end of November, 128; and I estimate that the end of December will number about

150. As to those receiving regular treatment, you left me none. I now have between 245 and 250."

Knock walked over to a basin and began to wash his hands, leaving Parpalaid to wonder in silence.

Finally Parpalaid spoke. "May I ask you a question? I must admit that you are a very unusual man, but my question is this: 'Is not a method such as yours a bit unscrupulous?'" Without waiting for an answer, he continued, "Are you not subjecting your interest in the sick to your interest in money return?"

"Dr. Parpalaid, you seem to forget that there is an even greater interest than the two which you have mentioned. The most important thing is **Medicine**. That is wherein my whole interest lies."

Dr. Parpalaid began to pace slowly back and forth. He looked out of the window for a few moments, turned suddenly on his heel, and fairly shouted, "Your only purpose is to put the whole world to bed under your care!"

Knock merely smiled. He walked over to the window beside which Parpalaid was standing, and drew aside the curtain. "Look out here a moment. You know the view from here. You can see from this window the whole region of Saint-Maurice. It was a rude landscape which you used to see,—scarcely human. To-day, the whole is impregnated with the idea of medicine. In that valley there are two hundred and fifty homes in which there is someone who acknowledges the existence of medicine,—two hundred and fifty beds where reclining bodies prove that life has a meaning, and thanks to me, a medicinal meaning."

Dr. Parpalaid grasped both of Knock's hands. "My dear friend," he began emotionally, "I have a proposition to make to you. A man with your ability is wasting his time in a town of this size. Your place is in a large city. I know no way in which I can better show my admiration than by offering you my practice at

Lyons. I will be content to return to Saint-Maurice."

Knock shrugged his shoulders. "You are not as stupid as one might suppose. You may produce little, but you surely know how to buy and sell."

At that moment Mr. Mousquet timidly opened the door. He was about to close it again when Knock called to him, "Come in, my friend. Do you know what Dr. Parpalaïd has just proposed? An exchange of places. I am to go to Lyons, and he will return here."

Mousquet began to laugh. "He is only joking. Even if he were in earnest, you would refuse."

"Why should he refuse?" questioned Parpalaïd indignantly.

"When in exchange for an expensive automatic, one is offered a cheap pop-gun, one usually refuses. Besides, the people of Saint-Maurice would not stand for it. Here comes Madam Remy; let us see what she says."

Madam Remy was of the same opinion.

"Let's not argue the matter any longer," cut in Knock. "Do you have a room ready for the doctor, Madam Remy?"

"I have not! You know very well that the rooms are all taken. We have scarcely enough room for all the sick who want to come here. If someone were to apply for treatment, I should try, perhaps, to accomplish the impossible, — but that is why I am here."

"But if I were to tell you that Dr. Parpalaïd is in no condition to leave this afternoon, and that, medicinally speaking, a rest of a day at least were necessary?"

"That would be a different matter. But Dr. Parpalaïd did not come for a consultation?"

"Even if he had, professional ethics would forbid my making it public."

"What is your idea in saying that?" snapped Parpalaïd. "I'm going to leave here to-night. And that's final."

"My dear man," said Knock, "I am speaking seriously. It is absolutely essen-

tial that you have a rest of twenty-four hours. I won't let you leave to-night."

Madam Remy started to leave. "Dr. Parpalaïd may have a bed," she said, "and shall I take his temperature?"

"We will argue that out later," Knock called after her.

She went into the next room, followed by Mr. Mousquet, who explained that he had broken a needle and must get another from the Pharmacy.

As soon as the two doctors were alone, Parpalaïd said, "That was a clever scheme of yours. I do thank you. You see I am not anxious to make that long trip to-night. I am no longer twenty years old. It is wonderful the way you remain serious. I know the tricks of the trade. . . . yes . . . an air and a look . . . as if you were fathoming the depths of my organs. Ah! It was very well done."

"What are you driving at?" demanded Knock. "I did it in spite of myself. Whenever I am in the presence of anyone, I cannot help but make a complete diagnosis, mentally, you understand. Automatically, I notice the skin, the eyes, the breathing of the person at whom I am looking. I can't help myself."

"Tell me," said Parpalaïd, "were you . . .er . . . fooling, or . . .er . . . serious when you said I needed a day's rest? And then, too, I have noticed in myself certain . . .er . . .irregularities. I am curious to know whether my own observations coincide with . . .er . . .your involuntary diagnosis."

"My dear friend, let us drop that for the present. It is now ten o'clock. We will dine together. As to the state of your health and the decisions which it involves, we will talk that over this afternoon in my office. And now, please excuse me while I visit my patients."

Picking up his medicine-case, Knock left the room.

Dr. Parpalaïd dropped weakly into a chair and grasped his pulse. "Perhaps," he sighed, "perhaps my health is failing."

OUR STUPID ATHLETES

By K. K. KOST

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THE old saying of Lehigh men, "I'm not going out for the team this year, I am going to keep up with my studies," is no longer an excuse for shirkers. It has become, instead, an admission of mental or physical inferiority, or perhaps, just laziness. The records of 145 athletes who represented Lehigh in at least one athletic contest between September 1928 and June 1929 show that the average Lehigh athlete is a better student than his non-athletic brother.

The average Lehigh athlete had an average of 2.017 during the last school year. During the same period, the three upper classes, seniors, juniors, and sophomores, from which all Varsity men are taken, could average only 2.012. To be sure this may seem a small difference, but when several other factors are taken into consideration, the superiority of the athlete becomes more evident.

Let us see what these other factors are. In the first place, the 2.012 average of all upperclassmen includes the 2.017 average of the athletes; therefore, the average of the athletes helps to raise the average of the non-athletes to 2.012. In the second place, almost all athletes are fraternity men, but the fraternity average for the period was only 1.7425. The fraternity athlete here shows a great superiority over

other fraternity men. The popularity of athletes leads to other honors which entail considerable work. Many of them hold offices in their class and in student societies, some are heads of their fraternities, and nearly all indulge in many other extra-curricular activities. Finally, athletic practice takes time and strength. A man who spends several hours in strenuous practice, can not be in the mood to study; yet, the average grade of the athlete was higher than that of the non-athlete.

In the compilation of these statistics, the records of all men (145) who played in one Varsity contest were taken. This was considered to be fairer than to just take the records of those who earned letters, due to the fact that only a few earn letters each year and that many others participate in athletics to a degree that if athletics have any effect on scholarship, their grades should show it. Of course, there were other men who tried out for teams and never got the chance to play, but a limit had to be set somewhere. Nor are the averages of freshman athletes included.

The cross country team with an average of 2.3675 for the year was the team ranking highest; the soccer squad with an average of 1.604 brought up the rear. The teams in order were:

Team	No. on Squad	Av. 1st Sem.	Av. 2nd Sem.	Final Av.
Cross Country	8	2.283	2.452	2.3675
Lacrosse	22	2.21	2.151	2.18
Basketball	15	2.175	2.126	2.15
Swimming	14	2.142	2.134	2.138
Track	36	2.115	2.159	2.137
Tennis	7	2.481	1.731	2.106
Football	43	1.8444	2.093	1.9685
Wrestling	15	1.821	1.822	1.8215
Baseball	17	1.776	1.622	1.699
Soccer	19	1.487	1.721	1.604
Average Athlete		2.033	2.001	2.017

Other Groups:

All Seniors	2.167	2.276	2.2215
All Juniors	1.914	2.002	1.958
All Sophomores	1.824	1.891	1.8575
Average	1.968	2.056	2.012
All Lehigh Men	1.873	1.953	1.913
All Fraternity Men	1.706	1.779	1.7425

In this table, the letter grades were evaluated in the usual Lehigh method with A counting 5, B 3, C 2, D 1, and E or F 0. The six men who took part in three sports and the 39 who took part in two are counted on each team. However, the one football player, the three soccer men, and the one cross country runner who did not return to school in February are not counted in the second semester average of those teams.

Four teams each semester were below the average of the entire school. The first semester, the football, wrestling, baseball and soccer squads were on the list. The second semester, the tennis squad, which had been the ranking team the first semester, displaced the football squad which rose above the school average. The rise of this team scholastically is probably due to the efforts of A. Austin Tate, head football coach, who kept a steady eye on the scholastic endeavors of his next year's squad as soon as the season ended. The unusual drop of the tennis team may be attributed for the most part to two men, of whose averages the one dropped 1.55 points and the other's 1.49 points. This, naturally, had a great effect upon the average of such a small number (7) of men although in addition 4 other men on the team received lower grades the second semester.

At several other schools where statistics similar to these have been taken, the teams have ranked in far different order. A team in a certain sport at one school would be last at another. The athletes usually are ranked slightly above the non-athletes.

In the famous Bulletin No. 23 of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, the results of the achievement tests given to the seniors in 49 colleges and universities in Pennsylvania during May 1928 showed that all college men averaged 577.4. Thirteen of the universities, including Lehigh, furnished a list of athletes, letter men only, and of non-athletes. In this group, the athletes (290) averaged 636.37, and the non-athletes (1,340) 615.55. The highest score made in these tests was by a non-athlete, R. Max Goeppe, '28, now a Pennsylvania Rhodes scholar at Oxford; an unknown track athlete was second in the state and the leading athlete with a score of 1560.

The best record made by any Lehigh athlete was made by Francis Neuwirth, '31, a member of the cross country and track squads, who had an average of 4.555. Arthur Davidowitz, '30, football and lacrosse player, was second with an average of 4.305. The athletes with an average of 3 or better were:

Name	Average	Sports
Neuwirth, Francis, '31	4.555	Cross Country, Track
Davidowitz, Arthur, '30 ...	4.305	Football, Lacrosse
Kantner, Ogden, '31	3.765	Swimming
Kirkpatrick, John, '29	3.73	Football, Lacrosse
Meharg, George, '31	3.58	Track

Webbe, Charles, '29 3.53 Swimming, Lacrosse
Jones, Edward, '30 3.31 Track
DeHuff, Gilbert, '30 3.245 Track
Pickslay, William, '29 3.215 Swimming, Track
Hebbard, George, '29 3.18 Soccer, Track
Brick, Robert, '29 3.00 Wrestling

The captains of the different teams showed that they were mental as well as physical leaders. Captain Usher was first scholastically on the tennis team. The captains who ranked second on their squads were: Kirkpatrick, football; A. Lehr, wrestling; Hesse, basketball; Sames, cross country; Webbe, swimming. Captain Bullard of the soccer team was ~~second~~ among the booters, Baker and Flynn were eighth on the lacrosse and baseball teams respectively, and Sames was ninth on the track squad. All the team captains but one had an average over 2.

The high scholastic rating for which Lehigh is famous demands that all students conform to a high standard of ex-

cellence. Her athletes meet these standards as well as the other students do. Not many athletes are scholastic leaders, but on the other hand neither do many flunk out. The Lehigh athlete carries on with his studies despite long hours of practice and many other extra-curricular activities and does it in a way that if "rah rah" boy and "course crabber" alike were truthful, they would admit the scholastic superiority of the athlete in words similar to those in which a wounded British "Tommy" once admitted the superiority of a native:

"Though I've belted you and flayed you,
By the livin' Gawd that made you,
You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din!"
—(Kipling)



HOME TOWN

By BERT J. FRIEDMAN

Whether thou sleep with heavy vapours full,
Sodden with day, or, new apparell'd, stand
In gold-laced veils of evening beautiful,
I love thee, infamous city! Harlots and
Hunted have pleasures of their own to give,
The vulgar herd can never understand.
—(Baudelaire)

INSTRUCTOR R.

INSTRUCTOR R. taught Anthropology. He was one of those fairly clever people, whose chief claim to intellectual superiority was that no one had ever heard his stock remarks before. He had an infectious smile, loved his liquor, and didn't care who knew it. He knew his subject, and at one time probably taught it well. But now he was a boon to the students, coming to class inebriated on Monday and Wednesday. He didn't come Friday. In his invariably happy state, he either neglected to take the roll, or to hold discourse on Anthropology. His smile was another reason for his popularity. Strangely, this popularity did not extend to the administrative forces of the University. There was nothing unpleasant about his departure. He smiled, and he didn't care. The gin was probably of a purer grade that morning.

He wasn't able to get another faculty position. Without recommendations, and without sufficient essence of peppermints on his breath, such employment was difficult to obtain. However, it was hard to refuse him. His smile was so ingratiating.

Women liked him. He made them feel maternal. They loved to make him promise to stop drinking before breakfast, and to stop biting his nails. He finally stopped biting his nails. But, by that time his eyes were continually blood-shot, and he never bothered buying any peppermints. He still smiled.

R. tried a lot of jobs. Work was essential. The price of gin was going up. About this time, the town got a new set of aldermen, and the cost of bribes had increased. Having been an instructor, he could read and write rather well. So he was discharged from many clerical positions. His employers didn't like to do this to him, he had such a likeable personality. But he lost too much money to the firms, when he couldn't tell a four from a six.

He landed, finally, in a beer joint, selling drinks over a bar. This was really an ideal position. His smile was a business asset, he could replenish his inevitable thirst, when the boss's back was turned, and he didn't care about anything that went on. That was why, when that murder was committed in the joint, the boss ran out on him, and left him holding the bag. R. put up some sort of weak protest as to his innocence, but there was no one else to blame it on, and besides, as long as he had plenty of liquor, he didn't care. The courts were merciful as they always are in this vicinity. The judge gave R. a life sentence. Circumstantial evidence alone wouldn't warrant the chair. And R. smiled even in the face of this dreadful penalty. I guess all the liquor that he'd imbibed most every minute he was awake hadn't worn off yet. That smile actually made the judge feel bad about the whole affair.

So R. went to the state prison. State prisons don't serve hard drinks to their patrons. It made him feel pretty badly.

He was actually sick for a long while from the enforced abstinence. He never smiled anymore, and he was reputed the glummiest and most sour inmate in the place. After a while he asked for pens and paper, and he started writing. He has just recently finished what they say is a startling new book on Anthropology.

EDDIE

Eddie was the town simpleton. A psychiatrist would probably have classed him a high-grade moron. But everyone called him simple and "off his nut". Psychiatry is a big word in a small town. Well, Eddie was always a laughing stock as far as anyone remembers. He had a silly grin, and he'd always fall for some of the raw stuff the town wiseacres used to pull. You see, besides being dumber than the average, he was too easy-going. He never got beyond the sixth grade in grammar school, and even there he was about five years older than any other pupil. Of course, he had no intimates, no friends, and so, left alone as he was most of the time, he took to dreaming. Silly dreams they were, like being a taxi-driver or a street-cleaner, so that he could wear a uniform. But behind it all there was something deeper—more profound. Eddie wanted, actually craved admiration. That was perfectly natural. The only time that he was ever the center of all attention was when he was the stupid hoax of somebody's perverted sense of humor. And ever since he'd been old enough, he had wanted the admiration of girls. With maturity, his dreams changed in appearance, but not in motive. Now he was always the handsome policeman saving girls in distress, or a nobly-plumed knight snatching a maiden from the very jaws of a fire-spitting dragon. Oh, he'd picked up a book once with a picture of a dragon in it.

No one knew how old Eddie was at

the time his parents died. One of them fell out of a window and the other one passed away in the throes of an alcoholic fit. That was the story anyway. No one in town bothered much about it, and the neighbors were glad to be rid of them. The only effect this incident had on Eddie was to make him look around for some sort of a job. He got one as a busboy at a soda fountain. Even here he kept on dreaming, and his envy, the agile, acrobatic soda-mixer, always played some part in them. In every dream, he'd see this greasy-haired, natty youth knock women off the seats around the fountain, and Eddie would rush up and save them. Then, he'd drop some glasses or dishes, and everybody around the fountain would burst into laughter. Somehow or other, the town got wise to Ed's dreams, and kept ragging him about being a hero. It got to be more fun going into that drugstore than it was to go to the movies. The proprietor didn't mind, and neither did Ed. Ed. was simple.

Once Eddie, on his way to work, saw a girl crying. All his heroic impulses rushed to the fore, but he had never spoken to a girl first in his life. The funny thing was that this one actually walked up to him. "Oh, mister, can't you help me out?"

She was a stranger in town all right, or she would have known better. But then some said later that she was one of those painted dames that they'd started kicking out of town the night before, when that new mayor came into office. Well, Eddie finally managed to stutter: "Gee, is there anything, I mean let me help, what can I do?" Years of suppressed longings to be a Lancelot welled up in this poor soul.

"I haven't got a cent, and I've got to get out of town." And then she looked at him shrewdly—whispering something else in his ear. Eddie didn't know what

she meant evidently. He was the town simpleton.

So he married the dame. He probably had saved some money. That was the last anyone ever saw or heard of Eddie, and everybody could hardly stop laughing at this last farewell stunt. But then I don't suppose that anyone saw that beautiful look of peace and happiness that beamed all over his face as he was boarding the train with his wife. In his mind anyway he'd fulfilled those dreams.

JOHNNY WILLIAMS

Where Johnny Williams had come from, and when he had arrived, was a matter of complete indifference to the town. He was just another human being in the darky section down by the railroad tracks. He was just another dark boy with a huge ivory grin, and a battered derby. But maybe his grin was just a little wider than anyone else's, and maybe he wore his lid at a more rakish angle. Anyway he had a way with the women, and a talent for the dice. He surely rolled himself out of many a scrape, and he had all the kitchens in the section vieing for the honor of his patronage. You could find him at any meal time, indifferently consuming enormous quantities of food, while some big ebony cook would gaze at him with affectionate longing, devouring him from close-cropped crown to flashy spats. Johnny had sloe-brown eyes. But once he just wasn't fast enough, and Beulah, one of those voluptuously-formed cooks, blocked his only exit with her huge bulk, until Johnny conceded a heavily-debated point and consented to suspend his bachelor activities. He had his responsibilities now. First, there was Johnny, Jr. Then he had to dig up two dollars some place for a marriage license. When Beulah got better, she wasn't a bit changed except that it was a bit harder for her

to get through a door. As soon as Johnny found her a job, he figured that he had discharged all his responsibilities, and life once again threw roses into his lap, so to speak. No longer did he have to roll bones for a living, it was just a diversion. And there was plenty of cheating. Others might have been horrified, but Johnny felt perfectly justified. Why, with his shiny patent-leather shoes, and with his proudly checked vest, he was more than a match for the wickedest dandy around. And Beulah wasn't popular with the rest; it was just plain jealousy. She had nabbed him before anyone else had a chance. So her angry contemporaries did what they could to inveigle Johnny away from his domicile, and this frisky blood sure needed little urging. Beulah let things go for a while. But she had too determined a nature. One night her Don Juanesque mate came home to find the door locked, and his dilapidated grip, his spats, and his checkered vest, all lying outside. He scratched his head in amazement, and picked up these, all his worldly possessions, and strolled nonchalantly away. What did he care. He knew where he could find lots of sympathy and lots of fried waffles. But the funny part was that all his former dark flames wouldn't have anything to do with him anymore. They must have figured that if Beulah didn't want him around, there must be something wrong with him.

Johnny Williams left town ignominiously, and he wasn't heard from for a long time. But one day a newspaper clipping got around town. It contained the casual information that a colored fellow, John Williams, had been arrested for petty larceny in New York. About the same time Beulah mysteriously disappeared. All that anyone ever knew was what the colored bootblack down at the station told them. He said that he had seen a big woman, about Beulah's color

and dimensions, board a New York train the same day that the clipping was found.

MIKE, THE POLE.

Mike worked in the steel mills. He lived with a fat wife and countless, noisy brats in one of those dwellings in the shadow of the mills, where the front door opens up on an evil-smelling alley. It smelled badly, because the town never washed it, and its inhabitants never took baths.

Mike was big and stupid—swarthy—one of those people who don't have to stop shaving to be unmistakably recognized. He sweated before his furnace in the mill, he sweated when he was cursing at his wife, and he sweated when he threw things at his yelling offsprings. But that was nothing. The whole alley sweated, and the sun never got through the dust and grime, never penetrated the dense smoke of the mills to dry it off. So Mike was always looking for a drink, or a pool game, or some frazzly, indiscriminate blonde, to forget his uncomfortable environment. At one time, he probably loved his wife, but that was before they had ever heard of steel. Perhaps in some Polish countryside, he had whispered endearments in her dainty ear, and she had blushed in answer. Now nothing but filth came off his tongue, and she didn't blush anymore. Many a time Mike went to work on a Monday with a swollen eye.

It was Saturday, and Mike had just come home with the pay in his pocket. The fight was on. After the sons and daughters of Mr. Mike had learned a few new curses, although in general these fond parents didn't have the intelligence to think up new ones, Mike and his wife capitulated on half the pay, and a crack in the face that kept Mrs. Mike from washing the dishes for at least fifteen minutes. Mike was off on his weekly hunt for diversion. But his mate was

hardened by years of the same alley sweat. He would come in about four in the morning, stewed to the gills, his dirty shirt torn some more—the odor of rotten whiskey on his breath, and the stale smell of cheap perfume hovering about his person. He would snarl, break something—rant around—exchange a few blows with her, and finally, without bothering to undress, drop heavily on the bed, and snore like hell for the rest of the night. Then, after a few minutes of tugging and pushing at his sluggish bulk, she'd manage, between pantings and curses, to make room for herself on the bed too. There wasn't any romance in that hovel. It was the only, half-decent place to sleep.

But this night Mike wasn't in by four in the morning. And he didn't arrive at five. That had never happened before. Even after the worst tear, he'd groped his way home before that. Perhaps he had run away, and left her. No, not Mike. He wouldn't find anyone else to cook a meal for him, or wash his dirty clothes. He must be hurt. Or maybe the damned liquor got him. He might be dying, under the wheels of some unseeing truck. Maybe he'd gotten himself into another brawl, and someone had pulled a gun. She was cursing no longer. She forgot all the brutal hate with which she had been filled, and all the disgust and loathing which the cruelty and stupidity in Mike aroused in her. All she thought of were those days in Poland when she had blushed, and when he had said nice things to her, when his beard never bristled out, and when he had washed the sweat from off his toiling body. She thought of the first boy, and with what awkward tenderness he had fondled that funny little morsel of humanity, that had looked so much like an animated peanut. And she wept: "God, oh God, don't take him from me! He's

(Continued on Page 52)



THIS LIBERAL EDUCATION

By G. M. ONDECK

WHEN I consider the scholarly and learned papers that have been written concerning the American Arts College by men who are intimately acquainted with their subject, and who consequently know what they are talking about, I cannot help but feel keenly the futility of my trying to establish a new basis for a liberal education, to formulate any new concepts either pro or con, or, in short, to say anything that will not amount to a rather puerile gesture toward comprehension.

But the matter of education in America in general, and the status of the American Arts College in particular, have taken such prominent places among current problems related to the cultural welfare of the nation that to overlook them entirely, or to fail even to recognize the importance of each, would be impossible. The problem (and it is a problem) of cultural education in this country has for long been a source of worry to far-sighted educators; but it has been only recently that the question of educational values has invaded the public press and brought a small part of its worriment upon those of us who glance over headlines, read Sunday supplements, and believe, in general, that such matters as require

thought should be left to those who make a business of thinking. We would rather not be bothered by it all, but what with articles forever coming to our attention praising this, bemoaning that, and utterly damning something else, all more or less directly concerned with college, college life, or college education, we cannot help perking up and beginning to wonder what it's all about. I, for one, grow curious, and ask myself whether or not all this sound and fury really signifies anything, and if so, what.

The nub of the whole matter seems to rest in the fact that whatever it is that is wrong with the American Arts College, the liberal education that it professes to give is not, in the true sense, liberal. If we go further, and examine each facet of this gem of wisdom separately, we discover that it is resolved into three questions: first, What is wrong with the arts college?; second, Exactly what is the liberal education the college does not afford?; and third, What to do about it all?

As to the faults of the present-day college, I feel that I can best express myself in the words of others. To A. J. Wiesner, the institution appears primarily as a "wet nurse" for a "group of unpurposed adolescents"; to Dean Hicks it is merely

a "social habit"; and to Dean McConn it becomes a three-purposed institution which may serve as a "super-kindergarten", or as a professional or trade school, or as a "real" or cultural school. The error apparently lies in the fact that the college, by attempting to cater to the diversified tastes of the modern American youth whose purpose in coming to college is sometimes even directly antithetical to the tenets of true cultural education, has lost sight of its own place and and its own ideals. It is impossible to develop, in four years' time and out of a group with widely varied purposes, an even remotely homogenous group. And it is impossible to take a class of men who come to college with the "super-kindergarten" purpose, or the "bread and butter" purpose, or the "cultural" purpose in mind, and attempt to adapt any given curriculum to them, or them to any one set and defined program of studies and activities. But at present there seems to be nothing else that can be done, and difficulties continue to grow out of attempts to standardize education and to make it free and democratic for all comers. That situation exists, and it shall continue to exist as long as colleges insist upon putting education on the same basis of mass production as Ford cars and typewriters, where completion means only assemblage, and individual craftsmanship counts for nothing.

The logical solution to this problem may be found, it seems to me, in Dean McConn's plan to segregate students, not by creed, or intelligence, or social status, but in the light of their own individual purposes. Thus, for those who demand an essentially social training he would create super-kindergartens; for those who seek specialized training in the trades and professions he would have vocational and professional schools; and for those who are in quest of a liberal and cultural education he would establish "Scholars'

Schools". This last group would be composed of selected students who, under the guidance of preceptors, would be left mostly to their own devices and stimulated only by their own interests, to ferret out a purely cultural education for themselves. That, of course, is apart from required courses in such subjects as "World History" which would be offered as a basis for their further individual work.

But what is this cultural, or liberal education that they would receive? What does it all mean? To Thomas Huxley, the liberally educated man is the one "who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order; . . . whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of Nature and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are so trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of Nature or of Art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself." Everett Dean Martin adds to this by saying that not only are the laws of Nature to be comprehended and obeyed, but the laws of human nature as well. "And education must not only seek knowledge of the facts of Nature, **but having obtained such knowledge, must try to understand what to do about it.** . . . Our education is not done when we have learned Nature's yes and no; we have our own yes and no to give."

Mr. Martin's view is essentially that the Humanistic tradition should in a large part constitute the ideal liberal education. "It has a necessary place in liberal education because it helps liberate the mind from the clutches of opinionated ignor-

ance, from the follies which prevail as truth in our own age, and from the conceit and vanity to which our human nature is ever prone." To carry the quotations one step further, we find Walter Lippmann defining Humanism, or "disinterestedness", in this way: It is "to become detached from one's passions and to understand them consciously. . . A disinterested mind is harmonious with itself and reality." And again, "The principle of humanism is detachment, understanding and disinterestedness in the presence of reality itself." All of which, summarized briefly, may be stated this: the liberally educated person is he who, having obtained a store of Natural and human knowledge, and grown into an understanding of life, its functions, and his place in it, can look at existence dispassionately, comprehensively, rationally and yet feelingly.

A large order, that, for a "group of unpurposed adolescents" or a class of "super-kindergarteners" out on a picnic! But it is something worth thinking of, something worth growing toward, some-

thing worth planning in the mythical "Real School" of Dean McConn. An education of this nature is no fanciful concept; it is an ideal that has been and can be attained. But it is not something that can be purchased for four years' tuition at a university, or can be had merely by "taking courses" in this and that at a school of collegiate grade; it is a process that begins before the college years and continues long after them. In the secondary schools and in the universities it is possible to direct it, to an extent, along its proper pathways; but when the individual has lost contact with the university, has lost the stimulus of academic direction and requirements, he must himself define what it is he wants to know, and plan its quest. In this light I feel that it should be the duty of schools of college and even pre-college grade to formulate a program of liberal education, to instruct interested scholars in its fundamentals, and thus to assure them at least of a suitable background for further work, further study, further understanding.

A Penny's Worth of Thought for R.

O men are fools
And men are wise
To look for truth
In woman's eyes.

O men are fools
To seek for what,
Like elf in moonbeam's
Cast, is not.

Yet men are wise,
For seeking truth
They find not it,
But glow of youth
And flash of wit
And other things
As dear to gain —
Laughter and love,
Sadness and pain.

G. M. O.

YOUR GRANDFATHER DID IT TOO!

By E. A. HONIG

IT has often been contended that traditions grow old very quickly, that yesterday's innovation becomes tomorrow's time-honored custom. So, too, those familiar with some small bit of Lehigh history seem to perceive the inauguration of new custom almost within a single season. A little study of history will reveal, however, that even the traditions of Lehigh followed a regular historical evolution.

Almost every custom we follow takes its basis somewhere in the early life of the University. That externally these customs are somewhat different from their predecessors is merely the fault of time and style. A junior would to-day much prefer the "dink" to the plug hat which fifty years ago he wore in prideful stamp of his rank. Had the rest of the world continued to wear plug hats, Lehigh men might still retain the tradition, but to-day such apparel is relegated to the museum and the student turns to the prevailing mode for his tradition. To understand this is to realize that most of our traditions extend back beyond the mere dozen years that they appear in their present form.

Another factor equally instrumental in effecting a change in college customs is the pressure which university and town authorities exert to force the student to modify those which were too brutal or too destructive of property.

Just how many years ago a freshman first quaked with fear as he held out an empty match-box to a sophomore few of us know, or care. To us it is more important that the regulation still exists whether as venerable custom or newly-enacted law. If our fathers formed part of that mass which dove headlong at a pile of shoes on the football field thirty

years ago, it will be interesting to hear the stories of his tribulations along the path which we now follow; if we are the first to inaugurate the melee our memories of the day will be equally as interesting. Every rush, every rally has proved this. We to-day get just as enthusiastic about Moving-Up Day as about Founder's Day, even though the latter is one of our oldest customs and the former one at the most recent. The tales we hear from returning grads indicate that the main thing is to find something to do, tradition or not, something to add color and memory to the monotonous succession of books and classes.

Perhaps nothing has done this so much as Founder's Day. As its name implies, Founder's Day was a day of honor to Asa Packer with long speeches and pompous ceremony. It was perhaps because the monotony of the annual tribute irked the underclassmen that they introduced athletics to the program. Certainly, eloquent as were the speakers they had no bottomless source from which to pluck out new virtues forever without

As originally established the sports program comprised a series of friendly intramural contests with prizes awarded to the winners. However, it soon evolved as part of the bitter rivalry between the two lower classes. At once it was suggested as a means of settling the question of the right of the freshmen to exercise certain privileges. In contrast with the present compulsory freshman cheering practice, those freshmen fought for the right to use their class yell. The usual sports program followed a speech of an hour or more and consisted of such contests as the one-mile walk, the 100-yard dash, throwing the hammer, and the tug-of-war. These in later years were

supplanted by a football and baseball game, a mile relay, and a tug-of-war. That this day was popular is evidenced by the report of the great protest which arose in '92 when the faculty omitted the customary holiday.

But the Founder's Day program as we know it, or even as the students knew it in '92, was not the original means used to settle differences between the freshmen and the sophomores. This day evolved after faculty intervention began to stifle an earlier contest, from which it took its basis. It was at the cane rush that the real battle of the year occurred, a battle in which students fought with the ferocity of wild men for the most sacred privilege of the approved collegiate, the right to carry a cane. One can imagine no stamp of rank for which the modern collegiate would fight so bitterly unless it be the racoon coat.

It was here also that the right to use a class yell was originally decided. The fighting often lasted hours, bringing with it prosperity for the physicians and clothiers of the town. One year the combatants, meeting on a railroad track, fought with such energy and enthusiasm that they failed to notice an approaching train and had to be hauled from the tracks locked in each other's arms by the spectators. Some years later the freshmen broke out in rebellion, persisting in carrying canes despite the opposition of the entire school, and so bitter and numerous were the fights that the faculty insisted on the abolition of the tradition. It persisted, however, although its popularity began to wane. By 1888 the question of carrying canes was being decided in a regular rush on the athletic field, and in 1892 the Burr noted with regret that the cane rush was dying out, suggesting several substitutes by way of compromise. A hare and hounds race and a tug-of-war were tried, but proved unsuccessful and were followed by the cane spree, a regu-

lar series of athletic contests. Shortly afterward these contests were held on Founder's Day, and within a few years, as the fad of carrying canes expired, the program became quite similar to that with which we are familiar to-day.

Another traditional rush of to-day which came from the earlier years is the chapel rush. It was not exactly similar to the present chapel rush and took place on the first day of school in Packer Hall where the old chapel was located. Back in '84 the sophomore class, imbued with the spirit of charity, attempted to prevent the freshmen from entering the chapel for the opening exercises. That this forethought was meritorious cannot be doubted when it is realized that attendance was compulsory and so irksome that the only means of entertainment open to the students was participation in a weekly pool on the longest sermon of the week. (Lighting conditions made study even more impossible then than at present.) For some incomprehensible reason the freshmen resented this intervention into their affairs on the part of the sophomores and stormed the stairway in a free-for-all that banished all possibility of chapel at that time. Succeeding sophomore classes continued their magnanimous efforts, however. After several years of this the President reached the conclusion that his lecture might be more important than the fight. In '88, while the sophomores waited at the door, the freshmen marched down the road with the President at their head. Needless to say there was no fight at the door. However, in '96 the rush was revived at the New Street entrance immediately after Chapel. President Drown again stopped this in '98, but the rush persisted in following years, coming down to us in its present form.

The Class of '89 contributed to the college customs with a new rush. Just as the sophomores were assembled for

their class picture, the freshmen rushed them, starting a free-for-all that lasted the better part of an hour and left whatever sophomores, who still felt in the mood, in no condition to have their pictures taken. The sophomores, of course, appreciating the brilliancy of the idea, waited their turn to retaliate at the freshman picture, insuring their victory by tying the luckless freshmen who remained to give fight. The practice immediately became popular with everyone but the photographer who, besides being an unwilling combatant often saw his camera swept under the mass.

In '97 the sophomores varied the monotony by dressing the freshmen in ridiculous clothes and forcing them to pose before the camera. Needless to say, these photographs were widely circulated. The extreme popularity of this rush is attested by the fact that the Class of '99 proved its ingenuity and enthusiasm by getting up at five o'clock one morning to prevent the sophomores from disturbing their picture. However, in succeeding years this tradition lost its popularity so that at present it is scarcely remembered, undoubtedly because of the objections of the photographer and of the University authorities.

Perhaps the most popular fight between the lower classmen to-day is that which occurs at banquet season. In early times this was comparatively peaceful. Then, when a man could fight at any time, an opportunity to eat could not be passed up under any circumstances. Of course, sometimes the sophomores would throw a brick or two through the window of the banquet hall, but this rarely caused a disturbance, especially if the banqueters had already begun the feast. In fact, at one time when the sophomores attacked the freshmen in the old gymnasium the brief hostilities were postponed while the combatants partook of the food prepared for the one class. There was

little organization for these banquets; indeed, it wasn't until '91 that a freshman class held a formal class banquet. The vicious and bloody banquet season as we know it was sporadic and unimportant then.

Since the first football games were not played until the '80s, the Lehigh-Lafayette tradition was slow in developing. The freshmen were granted the special privilege of carrying canes to the first game which was greeted with enthusiasm, but it was only after the series had become something of a feud that the smoker and bonfire came into existence. The use of red fire, banners and noisemakers served to make the "pee-rade" something more of an affair than it is to-day.

The one college "custom" which is really not a custom, is Moving-Up Day. This is a new innovation inaugurated in 1926. But so unconcerned is the collegian with the age or infancy of a "tradition" that few are even aware of this. Nor if they were, would it make much difference. Moving-Up Day is as much a part of Lehigh's college life as her oldest tradition, full proof of the theory that if an incident in college life finds favor, it can be as effective as the most venerable relic of past glory.

Many of the most colorful bits of student life have ceased to exist, expiring as interest in them slowly waned. One of the most enjoyable was the presidential election celebration. Every four years great red bonfires illuminated the sky, demonstrations of Lehigh's enthusiastic participation in the choice of the nation's head. The election was, indeed, a serious matter with the students. For weeks before the election its outcome was the speculation of every conversation. The Brown and White and the Burr devoted columns to it and ran a straw vote which drew a ballot from every man at the University. The bonfire, the culmination of the excitement, was held on election

night. Usually it flared long before the returns were known, for the inadequate communication system delayed the news until late the next day.

A still more popular custom and one which had its demise within the memory of graduates still too young to send their sons to Lehigh, was the Calculus Cremation. But even this was not an original custom. It was based on the Logic Cremation, joyful celebration of freshmen who had struggled and perished under the relentless pressure of the "cursed logic". The Calculus Cremation supplanted its predecessor when the course in Logic was removed from the curriculum. This affair was the favorite of the townspeople. It was held during Commencement Week at which time the sophomores would pounce on an effigy of "Calculus", try it for everything for larceny to murder and finally hang, burn, or drown it. Certain enthusiastic classes even took the pains of insuring its extermination by performing all three acts. The ceremony was always humorous, usually sarcastic to the mathematic department, and unfallibly blood-curdling. It gradually lost its popularity as each succeeding class attempted to inaugurate new improvements, until finally it was "improved to death".

A more recent custom was that of printing posters complimenting the freshman class. They were placed everywhere by the sophomores who expressed their opinion of their classmates in frank and often startling terms. "Skunks," "worms," "insidious vipers," and a host of other similar terms were applied to express the endearment which was felt. The freshmen, of course, did as much for the sophomores, and a merry war ensued to determine which class could nail up the largest and most expressive posters, until the University interfered and asked the students to demonstrate their affection through some other medium, less injuri-

ous to their reputations and to the walls of the University.

But the most humorous of all customs was that of establishing clubs. Everybody belonged to a club, and there was a club to suit to the taste of everyone, no matter how meticulous. There was the Mashers club, the Sauer Kraut club, the Hefty Dining club, the Fat club, the Giant club, the Dwarf club, the Pretty club, the Stuffed club, the Regulators, the College Quartet, the University Sextet, the Laboratory Orchestra, the Crows, the Night Prowlers, the Alpenjaegers, the Bowling club, the Whist club, and half a hundred others. Political corruption was rarely to be found because each man had a club to be president of. What these clubs did other than get into trouble, no one seems to know.

Organized college customs do not seem to have been recorded earlier than the first years of this century, when the first handbook was published. The first record reads as follows:

1. Freshmen should not wear the college colors, carry canes, or wear golf trousers before Founder's Day.
2. Freshmen should not smoke pipes except in their rooms and should remain in at night except when accompanied by an upper classman.
3. Freshmen must keep off the grass.
4. The order of classes must be observed at all times when leaving chapel, lectures, or college meetings.
5. This order also applies in all parades and celebrations.
6. The privilege of wearing class numerals is reserved only for those who have won them by taking part in the Founder's Day sports.

These rules were in some cases harsher than those in effect to-day. It is amusing to note that the first new custom to be introduced was one which prohibited hazing after Founder's Day. The first class to wear the dink and the tie was

'06, but they were only compelled to do this until Christmas. At the same time they were given the privilege of wearing corduroy trousers and flannel shirts if they won the Founder's Day sports. The rule now in effect, that the wall on the north side of Drown Hall is reserved for seniors, was established in 1909. Another rule of this year prohibited freshmen from smoking on the campus.

The freshmen were required to wear their "dinks" all year by a rule to that effect in 1910 at which time hazing was also prohibited on Sunday. The rule about matches came in 1914. From year to year new rules were added and old ones dropped. From the very beginning there is a general trend away from physical encounters and inane regulations. One by one most of the more brutal customs have disappeared or have given way to less demanding ones. Accounts of early days demonstrate the soundness of this. Blood and the doctor were as much a part of the tradition then as was the fight itself.

Year by year it is openly apparent to a reader of the Handbooks that the rules were being softened, that as the school grew bigger its spirit changed in gradual evolution from the rollicking, carefree,

colorful, though often infantile life of the earliest years to the more and more impersonal, formal tone of the modern college. The action of the sophomores in abolishing all forms of physical hazing this year signalizes one of the greatest changes since the foundation of the University. It marks the extinction of the chapel rushes and will perhaps mean the abolition of certain other minor regulations. It is natural to echo the query which students have always made when some old tradition passed out: Will this mean a decay of college spirit? When it is understood that the modern collegiate can find most of his entertainment in the movies, radio, and similar modern amusements, it may be realized that he does not need the old diversions of the earlier students to break the monotony of classes. Hence, it is clear that the passing of these customs does not necessarily signify a breakdown of spirit. As long as the students seek substitutions for antiquated customs, the spirit will remain. Nothing but the transfer of the campus to a skyscraper can kill off these traditions and destroy the spirit which lends color to the memory of those who have passed through Lehigh's doors.

To K's Curiosity

If I should speak, and you discover
A catch of falseness or a word
Unfit, unseemly for a lover,
Let what is spoken have its rest —
And what is heard —
Forget, ignore it, or at best,
Remind me of it — afterward.

For if you seek too carefully
For meanings to my verbal quips,
Or are too quick to question me
As to the way my words are turned
To graceless slips —
You'll only find that I have learned
Falsehood at other women's lips.

G. M. O.

A STRANGE EXPERIENCE

A Short Story by H. A. SEWARD

IT was raining. There is nothing startling about that fact; but, how it was raining on this particular evening is what makes me remember that it was raining. It seemed as though Jupe Pluvius had unhooked the flood-gates entirely and allowed the water to have its own wet way. The lord of the wind, not to be outdone, uncorked all the winds at once. The combined acts of these two masters of elements caused the rain to come down, first in straight, hard torrents, then in sheets blown to the four points of the compass in turn, and then in a whirly mass of shifting, swirling, splashing air and water. The rain splattered and soaked as much of this universe as I could see; at that, I couldn't see much territory, for I was sitting in a Pullman car travelling on the Ohio River Division of the B. & O. True to the code of behavior of a traveller, I looked for a while out the window, then I changed my glance from the window to my timetable, from there to my bags, from there to my hat and coat, from there back to the window, and from there to my watch. I stared at my watch, put it back in my pocket, looked out the window, received a real chill at the sight of the swirling raindrops, returned my eyes to the car, and then it dawned upon me that when I had just looked at my watch I had done it to kill time and not to find out the time. I took out my watch again, and this time noted that it was about ten minutes after six (as exactly as I can remember now). I then realized that I had been riding two hours on the train and would continue to ride two more. I also considered the fact that in about twenty minutes it would be my supper-time; for, travelling or not I must eat my evening meal at half-past six. I stood up, stretched, yawned, and

then sauntered towards the wash-room to clean up a bit before repairing to the dining-car to consume one of those "One-Dollar Business Men's Special To-day" meals.

While in the wash-room bumping around, I bumped a man hard enough to make me excuse myself. My words of apology were the beginning of a conversation between us. I literally "bumped into a companion". While drying our hands we decided to partake of our evening meal with each other. We left the wash-room together and walked, with the usual railroad stagger, to the dining-car. While seated at the table we indulged in a regular railroad-car conversation, "Where from? Where to? What business? Bad weather. Bad business. Next election. Elk? Mason? Neither of us, of course, paid much attention to what the other answered to the stock questions. I chose what looked to be the best dinner on the bill: oyster cocktail, fried oysters, and all the usual side dishes. I was always fond of sea-food. My companion, however, chose steak. He said that oysters made him sick, and that those served on trains were not very good, anyhow. He went on to say that I would do better by not ordering them. I told him quite plainly that they had always agreed with me perfectly. So our meal began, and finished in due time, the oysters tasting very fine. We returned to our car and went into the smoking-room for a short smoke and chat. We remained there until about ten minutes before my stop, which was a very insignificant one for the railroad. The town had a population of only about two or three thousand. My sole reason for going there was to try to secure an order from a certain automobile dealer there who

refused to do business by mail. If I could but get a foothold in that territory I realized I would do quite a bit of business.

The train came to a bumpy, jerky halt. I followed the porter to the platform of the car and down the steps. It appeared to me that I was the only passenger alighting. After I had dispersed with the train and the porter, and picked up my grips, I realized that it was still raining. It was only a drizzle now; nevertheless, the night was pitch dark and anything but pleasant. I looked about me for some means of getting from the station to the rest of the town, for I perceived that the station was quite alone in the darkness. I succeeded in locating an old touring car which served for a taxi. I learned from the driver that the town possessed one small hotel. I told him to take me there. He proceeded to start the car, but it was merely an attempt for the motor would not run. I figured that the coils had probably been wet by the rain, and I offered him what I thought to be good suggestions on how to start the car. He ignored most of my offerings, and the few he did try failed miserably. He fidgeted around the car fully fifteen minutes when finally the motor condescended to start. We left the station platform, and in about five minutes pulled up in front of the hotel. I got out, paid my bill, and went into the lobby.

It was a typical country-hotel. What it looked like to me makes no difference. I remember only that it was small and very uncomfortable-looking. In signing up for my room I noticed that the signature above mine was none other than that of the man with whom I had eaten on the train. This surprised me, for I had not even seen him get off the train. I took my key from the clerk (a clumsy, freckled, overgrown youth) and went upstairs. There was no such animal as a

"bell-boy" in that hotel, and so I had to find my room myself. I walked in, turned on the light, threw my key on the dresser, and prepared for bed. In a few minutes I was in bed. I noticed as I lay there that my room was fairly light even with the lamp extinguished. A street-light, I imagine, shone in through my window, thereby casting a white light across the room. However, the light was too trivial to bother me, and I dropped off to sleep without ado.

I do not know how long I had been asleep when I was awakened very suddenly. I started and beheld before me a figure in a long, white garment walking across the room. Its arms were outstretched gropingly; its walk, however, was steady and slow. I was not merely frightened; I was terrified. In three gigantic beats my heart was in my mouth—I could taste the blood. Cold beads of perspiration stood on my forehead. My whole body became clammy; my flesh seemed to turn to a mucous. There I lay staring at the figure—I, who had always boasted that I didn't believe in ghosts—I, who had always laughed at the very idea—I, who was so brave—I, who was so strong-nerved—there I was, scared. Scared? I was within an ace of dying of sheer fright. The first terrific moment over, I looked closely at the figure. There it moved: a tall, gaunt-looking thing in a long, white garment. The features of the figure I could not make out. "My God," I thought, "does it have features?" It walked straight on across the room. Suddenly it left the ray of light in the center of the room and moved towards the corner to the right of my bed. There it was swallowed up in darkness. My brain throbbed out the thought, "It has disappeared." In one movement I was out in the hall and half-way down the stairs.

I ran to the clerk at the desk. He was draped over it, snoring like a hog. I

shook him and received the most indignant look I have ever encountered. He addressed me in the usual, polite hotel manner: "What the hell do you want?" I spluttered out my story. He said, "That's nothing, get to bed and leave me alone." I was too scared to think or else I'd have driven my fist into his yawning mouth and given his tonsils the severest jolt they'd received since he had the whooping-cough. I decided that the clerk was no help, and so I picked out the most comfortable- (or the least uncomfortable-) looking chair in the lobby. I hauled it to the foot of the stairs and sat down. I watched those stairs as a cat watches a rat-hole out of which she expects her dinner to come. I watched and stared, stared and watched, for how long I don't know. Finally I must have dropped off to sleep, for I was awakened by a severe pain in my neck. I started, and found that I had been sleeping in the shape of a questionmark — a spittoon on the floor being the dot. I tried to straighten myself out, and in so doing looked about me to find that it was morning. It was a bright, sunny day. I looked at the Western Union clock over the desk and saw that it was a quarter to seven. The clerk was still draped over the register. I ran upstairs and sneaked cautiously to my room. The door was open. The room was flooded with sunshine and looked, I must say, actually cheerful. I went in and dressed as fast as I knew how.

Coming down the stairs with my grip in one hand and my shirt, tie and coat in the other I bellowed a "good morning" at the clerk. I asked him where I could find a wash-room on that floor. He showed me, and I proceeded to perform my morning ablution. While in the wash-room I heard some people come down stairs. I heard a familiar voice wish the clerk a "good morning". I finished my toilet hastily and walked to the desk. There stood my acquaintance of the train with another man.

"Well, well, you stop here too?" asked my previous dinner mate. I was about to begin an account of my wild adventure when my friend introduced me to his companion and invited me to eat breakfast with them. He then said, "This fellow's a living example of my theory on oysters. He insists they agree with him, but still he's a confirmed somnambulist."

"What?" said I.

"Yes," he remarked. "Last night on the train he couldn't eat with me because he felt sick from some oysters he had eaten at noon. They punished him, too. I had all I could do last night to keep him from walking all around the hotel in his sleep."

"You what?" I exploded.

"Yes," said he. "He walked all over the place last night."

I simply said, "Ah, ah, let's go to breakfast."



After-Thought

You offered me a gift; a precious thing,
You said, that gold and silver could not buy,
You placed it at my feet, and whispering,
Inquired gently, sadly, whether I
Would not accept it for remembrance's sake,
Since gifts are meant as bonds in memory
Between the donors and the ones who take —
(I thought of fond Ophelia's rosemary . . .)
But I, that could not understand why each
Should wish to recollect the other one,
Placed your small offering beyond my reach,
Refused it utterly; but now 'tis done
I am not certain which to hate the more:
You, that would give; I, that your gift forbore.

G. M. O.

A Prelude To Spring

When spring returns this year I shall no doubt
Mark off my garden plot by bed and row,
Buy seeds and implements, and set about
To plant whatever I think best to grow
At different spots; tulips beside the walks,
Soft beds of colored pansies near the gate,
Along the fence, a row of hollyhocks,
And all the blossoms seed-books advocate
For adding beauty to the place—all that
Despite the fact that other springtimes past
I planted seeds for several flowers and sat
And watched them grow all summer, till at last
Bleak winter came, and beauty that I sought,
And even thought at times I found, was not.

G. M. O.



THE AUTOGIRO

By WALTON FORSTALL, JR.

THE autogiro was invented by Senor Juan de la Cierva, Spanish sportsman and scientist. A personal friend of the king of Spain, he is a hard-working, simple-minded, persevering, conscientious man. As a boy he was fascinated by the conquest of the air and while he was yet quite young began to make model aircraft, first from paper and then using wood. This early practical experience gave him a feel of aerodynamic balance immensely valuable to him in his present work.

Soon two other boys joined forces with Senor Juan de la Cierva and together they built several successful gliders. One day a Frenchman crashed his plane at Madrid. The boys offered to rebuild it for him if he was not afraid to test-flight it when they were done. He agreed and, although there was really nothing except the engine which could be salvaged from the wreck, the boys built an airplane which flew better than the original. Their parents then gave them the money to build one for themselves, but in their ambition for speed they made the wing-area too small and the plane crashed, fortunately without serious injury to anyone.

This failure marked the end of Senor Juan de la Cierva's unscientific aircraft-

building. He went to college where he remained for eight years, earning the degrees of Civil Engineer and Mechanical Engineer, and standing at the head of his class. Thus, upon graduation, he was well qualified by his education for the construction of aircraft. During his college course he began an intensive study of the science of mathematics, which he has continued, until to-day he is recognized as one of the foremost mathematicians of the world.

Shortly after his graduation, the Spanish government advertised for someone to build them a large bombing plane. Senor Juan de la Cierva obtained the position, designing and superintending the construction of the bomber. The finished plane flew very well indeed, in fact, too well. It was so easy to handle that the pilots became more and more inattentive and careless, until one day one of them flew too slowly close to the ground and crashed. Instead of blaming the pilot, whose fault it clearly was, Senor Juan de la Cierva blamed the plane, saying that an airplane should be so built that accidents could not happen. From that day, he set out to build a fool-proof flying machine.

He gave some consideration to the he-

licopter, but finally abandoned that and all other previously-conceived schemes for flying. None could meet his exacting requirements, and it was left for himself to invent and develop a new method that would—the autogiro. Its present success is due to his tireless effort, endless patience, and undying faith in the accuracy of his theoretical calculations.

The chief difference between the autogiro and the common type of airplane is that the autogiro derives its lift from whirling blades instead of wings. These blades are in no way connected with any source of power, but are rotated in their almost horizontal plane by the action of the wind. A small, fixed wing takes some of the lift, but its main purpose is stabilization.

Although Senor Juan de la Cierva built many machines in the development of the autogiro, they can all be divided into one of the five classes corresponding with the five steps in its creation. The first autogiro resembled an airplane except that it had no wings, the lift being provided by two four-blade rotors, one above the other and turning in opposite directions. The inventor had discovered that the forward-moving side of a rotor gave more lift than the backward-moving side. Hence, he hoped to forestall the tendency to tip, which he anticipated with one rotor, by having two turning in opposite directions. It turned out, however, that he had not found the solution to the tipping problem, because the uppermost rotor only went faster than the lower rotor, and the machine tipped so much in taxiing that there was no attempt made to fly.

The second type had a single rotor of three blades. Three, because the inventor thought at this point that the fewer the blades the higher the efficiency, and three was the minimum possible. He hoped to overcome the tipping difficulty by changing the angle of incidence as the blades

went around, varying it for each blade with that blade's position in the circle of revolution, but his device had very little effect, and the craft tipped just as much. An interesting commentary on the strength of the blades which were used in that machine is the fact that, although it tipped over many times, dashing the blades against the ground, in only about half the accidents were the blades broken.

The rotor on the third type had five blades, and in this model the addition of ailerons counteracted tipping enough to enable Senor Juan de la Cierva to make his first flight. In all the machines up to this time the blades of the rotor were fastened rigidly to the fusilage. The gyroscopic effect thus produced was very annoying in flight and made the machines awkward to handle.

The next autogiro built flew surprisingly well. Pleased, but at first bewildered, the inventor finally traced its success to the fact that the blades were extremely flexible, eliminating tipping and to a great extent gyroscopic action. This was all the hint he needed to sit down and work out by pure mathematics the fundamental change which instantly made the autogiro a practical, successful craft. Henceforth, he hinged the rotor blades to their shaft.

Based on these theoretical calculations, he built his fifth and last type, which, with a few additional improvements, is the type that is being used to-day. The blades were hinged to the shaft so that each was free to move in its vertical plane. In flight they are held in an almost horizontal plane by centrifugal force. The advantages of an articulated joint for each blade proved to be numerous and important:

(a) It eliminates gyroscopic action so that the autogiro handles just like an airplane.

(b) The blades automatically find their most effective angle of incidence.

In their rotation they describe a very flat cone, rather than a horizontal plane, changing their angle from side to side so that there is no tipping force whatsoever.

(c) It eliminates much rigid bracing and the ungainly weight of inflexible blades. The only stresses that need be considered in blade design are the tensile stresses due to centrifugal force, the blades being so flexible that bending stresses are negligible. This results in a lighter, cheaper, much more satisfactory blade than the old, heavy, clumsy, rigid, expensive ones that were first used.

(d) It insures continual rotation. With the old, rigid blades there were some angles at which the rotor would stall. But since the articulated blades assume their own angle of incidence, they adapt themselves to any condition and the flat cone is continually adjusting itself. Thus, there can be no flying condition under which there is danger of the blades stopping.

With this construction, the autogiro flew very successfully, but there was still an annoying amount of rough action in the air. It was eliminated by a second articulation of the blades so that they could move backward and forward, centrifugal force keeping them in radial positions. With this change the action became smooth and steady.

Again, after some experimentation, it was found necessary to add a fixed wing to hold the ailerons. In addition, the fixed wing takes some of the lift, and appreciably increases the efficiency in take-off and flight. Large gains in efficiency in the late models have also been obtained from the use of a gear-changing transmission between the engine and the propeller.

An important problem has always been the most convenient method of starting the rotor in preparation for flight. The

first thought of and most natural plan was to taxi about the field until the rotor reached its constant speed. To aid and speed up the process, a self-starting tail was built, designed to deflect air currents upward toward the rotor. It would also be possible to start the rotor through a clutch to the motor, but the extra space and weight of equipment necessary make this method undesirable. It is hoped and expected that autogiro design will be so improved that in the future the rotor will reach full speed almost immediately at the beginning of the take-off run, eliminating the necessity for taxiing or mechanical devices.

Once it has attained its natural rate, the speed of rotation of the rotor does not change appreciably during any part of flight. Diving or climbing, fast or slow flying in level progress, the rotor maintains its constant speed. This is accounted for by the fact that the angle of incidence changes rather than the speed, and also that the fixed wing helps to take some of the extra lift in climbing. This speed of rotation is not great, and there is no difficulty in caring for it with two well-lubricated bearings. A third bearing is always in readiness to be put in use instantly, in the remote possibility of the failure of one of the working two.

The autogiro has introduced a new problem in under-carriage design. If the engine is shut off in flight and the stick put in neutral, the machine will descend vertically slower than a parachute. This makes possible vertical landings with the proper under-carriage. The one in use at present combines a huge, low-pressure tire in the shape of a wheel, with a shock-absorber of long travel. It has been used successfully, but there is a great deal of room for improvement.

Another problem in design is the interbracing for the rotor and shaft. The articulated blades must be so fastened that they will maintain an approximately

horizontal and radial position when the autogiro is on the ground and the rotor stationary. At the same time the interbracing must be of such a nature that it does not interfere with the purpose of the articulated joints, which is freedom of blade motion. The wrong combination of interbracing makes the machine rough and hard to handle, but Senor Juan de la Cierva is able to calculate mathematically the correct combination for smooth operation for any model.

The autogiro is delightfully safe and easy to handle. Suppose it is climbed too steeply and pulled up into a stall. Never mind, it will right itself and settle slowly down like a parachute, and with even slower vertical descent. If the motor stops in the air, all that is necessary is to glide over a suitable landing-place, sit quietly until it lands vertically, and then step out. On a long trip if you tire of flying, throttle down the motor and let the ship settle slowly while you stretch and look around.

One word of warning is necessary. In descending vertically, it is quite possible to be in a wind that is blowing from the front, so that the ship is really moving backward with respect to the ground. It must be turned around then with the controls, for it is not safe to try to land going backward!

Another reason for the safety of the autogiro is the fact that it can fly less than twenty-five miles per hour and still maintain its altitude, an ability which at once changes flying from a highly-specialized, dangerous occupation to one of the most pleasant of pastimes. Flying at slow speeds decreases the danger because, should an obstacle appear in front, there is plenty of time to turn to one side and go around it, climb up over it, or turn around and go away from it. A speed of twenty-five miles per hour gives plen-

ty of time to see and enjoy the countryside, and eliminates that feeling of breathless haste, willy nilly.

But the autogiro has speed too, and lots of it. Given an airplane and an autogiro with the same horsepower and the same parasitic resistance, the autogiro is the faster. At present, the parasitic resistance of the autogiro is greater than that of the airplane, but the autogiro is still very young. Once it has the attention, investigation and research lavished upon it that the airplane has enjoyed, it will very soon be brought to that state of perfection in the matter of absence of parasitic resistance which characterizes the modern airplane. And then it will be faster than the modern airplane. As it is, the autogiro has been flown one hundred and twenty miles per hour. Speed will come, for the principle is there, needing only further development.

In addition to safety, slow cruising rate, speed, and vertical descent, an important characteristic of the autogiro is its ability to rise in a sharp angle from take-off, in still air, the present machines with five hundred horsepower can climb at an angle of forty-five degrees. Against a twenty-mile-per-hour wind, they can rise almost vertically, an immense advantage over the long run of the airplane.

The autogiro is now a practical flying machine. It is the result of ten years' slow, laborious, painstaking work. During its development sixty machines were constructed. Each step was planned and predicted theoretically by the inventor and then proved by building and testing. Now, the inventive work is about done. In a year it will be complete, and plans for a production model will be ready for the manufacturer. The time is coming, its backers declare, when the autogiro will supplant the airplane.

THE RUNNING-DOWN OF THE UNIVERSE

By MAURICE B. ROSALSKY, '32

Many people think that a discussion upon space and time is futile or worse, as they believe that no progress in thought could result, and that their minds would finally reach an intolerable state of dilemma ill conducive to peace of mind. In spite of this, however, most of us have at one time or another given some consideration to the problems of space and time, but in a very unscientific way, so that at the end of the discussion the task was given up as hopeless.

It therefore might be surprising to learn that if the problems of the universe are approached in a scientific attitude, with the aid of data discovered in the past few years, most of the problems hitherto thought impossible of comprehension present no further difficulties.

A point most relevant to the discussion is that of the running-down of the universe. If you take a pack of cards arranged according to suits in regular order, and start to shuffle them, they will very soon lose their symmetrical order, and the original order will hardly ever return, in spite of continued shuffling. There is a remote possibility that the cards will regain their original order inasmuch as the pack consists of only 52 cards. However, if there are very many units, such an occurrence is inadmissible. Our universe, in like manner, once must have been in perfect organization like the cards, but the introduction of a random element (such as took place in shuffling the cards) is removing the universe further and further from the possibility of regaining the original order. A more detailed explanation of the occurrence of random elements might be helpful. A random element brings something to pass that cannot be undone. An illustration might make this clearer. If

a stone slips off a cliff, the kinetic energy it releases on hitting level ground is just enough to place it back on top of the cliff. It does not do so, however, for, in falling, the molecules have a parallel organization, but, at the impact with the ground, the molecules collide with each other, thus counteracting a unified organized rebound. Unless we allow that the molecules can collide again and rebound, all in parallel lines, to reform the organization, we must grant that the random element is constantly increasing, and that the universe in which it exists is inevitably running down.

The theory that postulates that the universe is a one-way street travelling only toward the increase of the random element, is called the second law of thermodynamics, or "entropy". Although somewhat questioned, it remains as one of the most generally accepted laws of nature.

A true understanding of the meaning of time is the first necessity in our discussion of it. Now that the concept of the random element has been made clear, it is easy to convey an understanding of the meaning of time.

Time can only be expressed by its relation toward the past, present, and future. Future time is the direction in which the random element constantly increases from that which obtains in the present, while past time is the direction in which the random element constantly decreases from that which prevails.

The great question concerning time is with respect to its beginning and end. Let us turn first to the latter problem and examine it in the light of our previous discussion. In the future, the random element will become so common that an equilibrium will be reached at last. No change toward the future will then occur, as the universe will consist of

an equalized flow of energy over its entire area. Time will still exist, but it will have lost its significance, for, as I have shown before, it can only be expressed by a change in the random element,—a change that will have ceased to exist. There is no difficulty in the conception of non-significant time continuing to infinity.

The real problem, however, concerns time in the past. As we go back in time, we find less and less of the random element, till finally we reach a point of complete organization. Before the time that the random element first started the universe in its evolution, time in the past had no more significance than it will have in the remote future. The real difficulty is what started the universe in its disorganization. I think that just as chance allowed for the development of protoplasm on our earth, so chance started the universe in its disorganization. They are problems of the same diffi-

culty, but since we must admit that they both occurred, we must also admit that chance, a natural occurrence, brought them to pass.

The problem of the extent of space has taken on a different complexion since the theory of relativity has come into being. Prior to that theory, no one could conceive of the orthodox theory that space is infinite. With the relativity theory, which states that space is finite but unbounded, the idea of space can be conceived, but with a conception of the fourth dimension as a prerequisite. Now we, uneducated to a conception of the fourth dimension, are told that there are experimental proofs in astronomy which support it, (for instance, the apparently terrific speed of distant star groups), and therefore we must take whatever grain of comfort we can from the fact that there are experimental proofs for this theory, so difficult for us to conceive.



THE SCIENTIFIC STUDIES OF LEONARDO DA VINCI

By E. S. BROTZMAN

THE wave of the Italian Renaissance, which had been crescent from the time of Dante, culminated with the full tide of the versatile genius of Leonardo da Vinci.

Born among the low-lying hills of Tuscany, and bred in the great Italian cities of the Renaissance, Leonardo the Florentine, as he wrote himself, was destined to preconceive even the most revolutionary of the hypotheses engendered by Galileo, Newton, Descartes, while the superb artistry of his hands was to rival even that of the great Michelangelo.

As an artist he was a mystic and a whimsical dreamer; as a scientist he described the most involved processes with lucid rationality. The conflict between the romanticism of the artist and the stoicism of the scientist is rendered null by the delicate balance of his all-pervading genius. The artist uses the savant for the perfection of his craft,—to distribute his design, to fix the perspective, and to imprison the light among the fine brown tonalities which characterize his subtle studies in light and shadow. The scientist is everywhere the consort of the artist, withdrawing only before the flushed spontaneity of the artist's spasmodic outbursts of creative genius.

But even if he had never set brush to canvas—had never painted "The Last Supper," or "Mona Lisa"—his scientific researches and his philosophy would have sufficed to immortalize his name. The hundred and twenty books of manuscript, of which Leonardo speaks, have been so ravaged by time, and are arranged with such an utter disregard for classification that it is difficult to co-ordinate the fruits of his scientific endeavors. And yet, in a combined form the frag-

ments of his writings now extant would represent a vast treatise on science and art and philosophy, in all their infinitude of variety. The scope and diversity of his interests are surpassed by no man of whom the world has record.

In astronomy Leonardo the Florentine pressed onward under the yoke of the canonic doctrines of his contemporaries to gain a vision of what is now recognized to be the truth. While Copernicus was still studying the sun by the red light of Mars, and over an hundred and fifty years before Galileo Galilei was sentenced by an ecclesiastical tribunal for having affirmed the motion of the earth, Leonardo wrote: "Il sole non se nuove." He interrogates the ancients as if they were contemporaries, embracing their theories when they prove to be well founded, never hesitating to refute them when his mistress, experience, fails to confirm them. The Ptolomaic "music of the spheres" he discards as being "too wasting"; he unleashes the scorn of his sarcasm to harass Epicurus's notion that the sun appears in its true dimensions.

At the service of the sciences of geology and palaeontology he placed an intellect the scheme of which was to prove to be on too vast a scale to be empaied by the shackles of the current creeds. He studied the structure of the earth, differentiating between the various strata of rock, and calculating, with a fair degree of accuracy, the time of the earth's development. He disproved, to his own satisfaction, the possibility of a general flood such as is described in the Biblical narrative. He took exception to Pliny's famous explanation of the saltiness of the sea. He pondered over shells and fossils until his conventional religious beliefs

collapsed about his ears like a house of cards, forcing him to seek shelter in the more serene agnostic world. His ultimate conclusions concerning certain aspects of theology were to have a more devastating effect on the Church than all the heresies of all the dissenting sects which have risen and fallen since his time.

Prompted by an insatiable scientific curiosity and a passionate desire to perfect the reality of his paintings, Leonardo undertook a zealous study of the human anatomy, defying the canons of the Church that placed the ban of excommunication upon those who dared to "profane the human body by dissection." Keen powers of perception being coupled with his consummate draftsmanship, it was inevitable that he should become the greatest anatomist of the Italian Renaissance. The demands of their craft had forced other artists to make superficial studies of anatomy, but Leonardo divests the human body of almost its last remnant of physical mystery. He treats of each passing stage of the endless cycle of procreation,—the seed, the sower, the soil, and the fruit. He lingers with awesome reverence over the details of the story of gestation and conception—"the immortal act of a mortal body." He very, very nearly discovered the secret of the circulation of the blood; the fates were toying with the destiny of the, as yet, unborn William Harvey.

Correctly he delineated the curves of the spinal column, traced each nerve, muscle, and blood vessel, and described with amazing accuracy the functions of the various bodily members. That he virtually discovered the phenomenon of anabolism is shown when he writes: "Not deterred by the fear of passing the night hours in the company of these corpses, quartered and flayed and horrible to behold, I have dissected more than ten human bodies, destroying all the various members and removing even the

very smallest particles of the flesh which surrounded these veins without causing any effusion of blood other than the imperceptible bleeding of the capillary veins. And, as one single body did not suffice for so long a time, it was necessary to proceed by stages, with so many bodies as would render my knowledge complete; and this I repeated twice over in order to discover the differences. And if you say that as the blood becomes thicker it ceases to flow through the veins, this is not true, for the blood in the veins does not thicken because it continually dies and is renewed, even as does the body of anything whatsoever that receives nourishment."*

In the haunts of the mathematicians, Leonardo appears to be a less kindred spirit than he is in any other congregation of learned men, although he proudly writes: "Let no man who is not a mathematician read my book." His mathematics—which ultimately arrived at the puzzle-solving stage—is often faulty, though he recognizes their utility as a key to the exact sciences, even inclining to the belief that that which cannot be expressed mathematically is of little consequence. It was Leonardo's contention that "there is no certainty where one can neither apply any of the mathematical sciences nor their derivatives."

Many biographers have claimed for Leonardo the distinction of being the inventor of the symbols "+" and "-".

"Mechanics," Leonardo said, "is the paradise of the sciences, for there one gathers all the fruits. Vassari relates that "the Florentine" invented "various machines for lifting great weights, penetrating mountains, conducting water from one place to another, and innumerable models for watches, windmills, and presses."§

Many of Leonardo's stupendous mechanical fantasies are worthy of the immortal Jules Verne, paler of dreams.

*"Leonardo Da Vinci's Notebooks," by Edward MacCurdy.

With the calm authority of an acknowledged general, the Florentine marshals his pulleys, wheels, levers, and gears; parades them back and forth across the page; and then rallies them in a great drive to shackle the forces of Nature. With a vast, labyrinthic system of pulleys and levers, at which ridiculous little beings tug and strain, he plans to lift the Cathedral of San Lorenzo, bodily, from its foundations, with such delicate precision as to move not a single stone from its appointed place. He wove an imaginary web of canals among the principal cities of Italy, into which the Italian draftsmen were to entice the commerce of the world. It was to this end that he constructed the Canal of Martesana, in which was fulfilled his prophecy that the waters of the Adda should lap against the walls of Milan, two hundred miles away.

Many modern critics, over fearful that the men for whose distinction they feel themselves responsible may perchance pass beyond the range of their grasp, deny Leonardo's notions of statics and dynamics any claim to originality. It is quite true that for a great many isolated facts and fancies he is indebted to forgotten medieval thinkers. Under Leonardo's supple hands the myriad bits of scientific lore which had been carried along with the seed of the generations are molded into more embracing truths. The principles ultimately evolved bear no more intimate a relation to their component facts than does, say, the *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyám to a single part of speech. Thus it is that to Leonardo da Vinci is to be given the bulk of the credit for the preconception of the effect of gravitation, though he did not devise a definite law; that he is to be acclaimed as the first man to introduce scientific methods of analysis into the study of friction and of the centers of gravity of solid bodies; that he is to be recognized

as the precursor of Watt, Denis Papin, and Solomon de Caus, in effecting the genesis of the steam engine.

The science of military tactics presented many problems worthy of Leonardo's steel. He welcomed the challenge, and applied all his ingenuity to a consideration of sieges, sacks, and military strategies. He invented an almost endless list of devices "for giving offense to the enemy." There is his mortar for throwing bombs and shrapnels that explode in air, his breech-loading cannons, his scythed-chariots. He discussed the advantages of rifling cannons, and made drawings of several types of multi-barrel machine guns. He also claims that he invented a submarine, but refuses to describe its workings, saying: "Why is it that I do not describe my method of remaining under water? How long can I stay without eating? These I do not publish or reveal on account of the evil nature of men, who would practice assassination on the bottom of the seas, by breaking the hulls of boats and wrecking them with all on board; while I tell about other means of submergence there is no danger from these because on the surface of the water there appears the mouth of the aspiration tube, floating on skins or cork."§

His reluctance to explain his invention is all the more amazing in view of his previous enthusiasm in exploiting his various machines for causing "great loss and confusion to the enemy." Evidently he is willing to be the auxiliary of men in their slaughter on earth, or in air, but not under water.

For although his delicate sense of military propriety revolted at the thought of using a submarine, he was quite enthusiastic in his recommendation of poison gas as a means of "giving offense to the enemy." He enjoins sea-going warriors to "throw among the enemy ships, with small catapults, chalk, pulverized arsenic, and verdigris. All who inhale this pow-

§"Leonardo da Vinci," by John William Brown, Esq.

der will be asphyxiated by breathing it, but be careful that the wind be such as not to blow back the fumes, or else cover your nose and mouth with a moist cloth so that the powder fumes cannot penetrate."

That Leonardo enjoyed a great reputation as a military engineer is evidenced by the commanding power vested in him by Cesare Borgia of France, Duke of Romagna. "To all our lieutenants, castellans, captains, condottiere, officials, soldiers and subjects hereafter cognisant of this decree, we constrain and command, that to the bearer, our most excellent and well-beloved servant, Architect and Engineer-in-Chief, Leonardo Vinci — whom we have appointed to inspect strongholds and fortresses in our dominions to the end that according to their need and to his counsel we may be enabled to provide for their necessities, we afford a passage absolutely free from any toll or tax, a friendly welcome both for himself and his company, freedom to see, examine and take measurements precisely as he may wish, and for this purpose assistance in men as many as he may desire, and all possible aid, assistance and favour, it being our will that in the carrying out of any works; in our dominions, every engineer will be bound to confer with him and to follow his advice."

While Columbus was on his voyage of discovery, the "myriad-minded" Leonardo da Vinci was already evolving plans for the building of the great cities of the new world; as witness his statement: "The model cities will be served by two kinds of streets; highways elevated or on a slope, elegantly ornamented and perfectly clean; and lower or subterranean roadways washed from time to time by limpid water from the watercourse, and from which the refuse will be removed with rakes."

"In such a way that whoever wishes to travel by the elevated highway may do

so at will; and also whoever wanted to go by the lower route will be free to do so. Vehicles will never make use of the upper highway, reserved for gentlemen; while in the lower street the wagons and beasts of burden for work and for the supplies of the people will circulate."

Next to the perfection of his painting, Leonardo desired most to be the first human to forsake the dust for a medium more befitting to one whose "soul soared upward to the sun." He studied the flight of birds, observing the structure of their forms and the mechanism of their movements. His conclusions were always the same: "A bird is an instrument working according to mathematical law, which instrument it is within the capacity of man to reproduce with all its movements; but not with a corresponding degree of strength, though it is deficient only in the power of maintaining equilibrium. We may therefore say that such an instrument constructed by man is lacking in nothing except the life of the bird, and this life must needs be supplied from that of man."

For years he wove his mechanical fantasies with tireless energy and an infinite patience, lavishing on them all the care and affection of a mother for her first-born, but with greater forethought and a far more penetrating vision. Then came a day when, flushed with a vision of success, he wrote in his notebook: "The great bird will take its first flight tomorrow on the back of its great swan, and filling the universe with stupor, will fill all writings with renown and glory eternal to the nest wherein it was born."

But the grim hunter was stalking him, and Leonardo's wings, weary with ineffectual beating against the snares flung to entrap him, could no longer follow his vision.

It would be impossible even to mention herein the infinite variety of his sci-

(Continued on Page 55)

PRUDY'S THREE ADVENTURES

By ERWIN F. UNDERWOOD

PRUDY was my little boat and perhaps the strangest craft ever seen in Narragansett Bay. Sixteen feet over all, it was the proud possessor of a keg keel and a Marconi rig sail originally made for a twenty-two-foot racing sloop; it had a Johnson outboard motor fastened on the stern, and along the gunwhales was laid the surest method of propulsion, a pair of wide-blade oars. It was my joy to keep Prudy as trim and white as the racing boats gathered in the harbor, for then the green parts seemed to contrast beautifully.

Now I owned Prudy for two years and our summers were spent together in happy companionship and recreation. We took all-day voyages to the furthestmost end of Jamestown in quest of huckleberries; we went out to welcome new arrivals as they entered the harbor, coasting gloriously before the wind on the return trip and often rounding the Goat Island light in advance of other craft, from which accomplishment there always came a joyous sense of victory; at other times we merely drifted lazily about the bay, letting the bright sun beat down upon us as we watched people bathing or swimming about near the shore. Sometimes we sailed along upon a calm glass-like sea thinking or dreaming of the great things in life or reading a novel. Now a novel is like the bustle on the old-fashioned dresses because both are false tales built upon stern realities. The comradeship of Prudy and I was made more real during our two years together because of the fact that we passed through three rather remarkable episodes together, and it is principally of these that I wish to relate.

* * * * *

Our first adventure came one day when

we decided to sail to Taylor's Cove to get a look at some twenty or thirty seaplanes which were moored there. The Wright was in the harbor, and since she was the tender for the fleet of planes we pointed our bow in her direction and got under way. In about an hour we were sailing in and out inspecting the wings of the navy at our leisure. Our sail was close-hauled, and since there was very little wind we had broken the mariner's code and fastened the sail-rope to a cleat on the starboard gunwhale. Suddenly, and for no good reason, an aviator appeared in a nearby plane and started his engine. Two mighty propellers spun at top speed. The result was startling; there was no time to loosen the line and over we went under the force of a furious gale caused by the all-too-close propellers. Our sail dragged in the water. We were listed way over to starboard. Water poured in and the boat was half full before the aviator saw us and turned off his engine. Prudy righted herself just as we thought we were going to have to take a forced swim. The sail was wet, the boat half full; there was nothing left to do but paddle to the Wright where we were helped aboard by laughing sailors who saw the humor of the whole situation. The aviation officer pretended to take it all more seriously, scanning the sky with marine glasses to get the plane's number, for it was by this time well up in the sky, and the aviation officer knew that a sail-boat has the right of way over anything with an engine in it. After a tour about the ship with the officer, we went back only to find that Prudy had been bailed out and her almost dry sails were flapping in the wind. We sailed home without mishap, but I don't know

yet whether or not our adventure was a joke played to punish us for our curiosity.

* * * * *

Adventure number two came on one of those rare days in June when it is so hot and airless that the only place to live is in the water. On such a day Prudy and I got away from the sweat of the city and drifted dreamily in the sunlight with no particular destination in view. I was dressed simply in a bathing suit, sailor pants, and a funny little yachtsman's hat. Without warning the sky grew suddenly black, and I realized that a squall was upon us, and we in the middle of the harbor in a small boat overloaded with sail.

The storm broke in a strong blow of combined wind and rain and we sailed straight for the entrance to the harbor; once outside there we would be subject to the fury of the storm and the dangers of Brenton's Reef. As we passed Rose Island, we tried to turn in—the sail was all the way out—it would go no further—it would be impossible to come about and use the portside. Suddenly there was a crash. I found myself ten yards from the boat whose strong mast had been wrenched from the step throwing Prudy over as if it had been a chip. It was nearly a quarter mile to Rose Island, but I swam there, and the lighthouse-keeper, who had seen the accident, went out in a power launch and towed Prudy in to me sans oars, sans rudder, sans cushions, sans everything. A navy speedboat, which came to the island every af-

ternoon, towed us back that day, and we sure were glad to get home, where we stayed until repairs were made.

* * * * *

Prudy's third incident was just before the yacht races the following summer. Boats of all kinds and description were gathered from many places to compete for the racing trophies of the Narragansett Bay Regatta. We had sailed to Jamestown and there found a friend who was waiting for the ferry to Newport three miles away. He accepted an offer to go with us instead, on the guarantee that we would get him there as soon as the ferry. As we started we noticed the ferryboat just leaving the slip and a glorious race started. Roger manipulated the sails and I held the tiller. For a time we held our own with the new and speedy Governor Carr; then, under the influence of a strong wind, we gradually gained until as we rounded the Goat Island light we were leading, and the toots and whistles of nearby boats cheered us on as well as the wavings from the passengers on the ferry. We landed our passenger at Long Wharf three or four minutes before the Governor Carr arrived, much to the amazement of two old fishermen who had watched the finish from the dock. Thus Prudy ended her most exhilarating race. Prudy is gone now—a bad mooring and a storm finished her,—but I will always remember the good times we had together, and some day I hope to get a better Prudy that we may continue our adventures together.





PLAYS IN REVIEW

"June Moon"

It has often been remarked that it requires at once a more varied and more highly specialized technical training to write a successful play than to turn out any other sort of literature. And this is particularly true at the present time when the public demands little of it, theatrical entertainment, but that it tell a well-knit tale, remain plausibly realistic, and, finally, provide that daily essential of metropolitan existence—a new thrill. True intelligence and imagination and anything more than a newspaper reporter's notion of reality, are positive hindrances to the current writer for the stage. What he does need is a very high degree of dexterity. This suffices when what little of the quality of living that the average play-goer demands can be added by skilful direction and competent acting. The result, until the recent complete triumph of the mechanical arts in the Talkies has been satisfactory for audiences that have learned from our civilization that good plumbing is to be preferred to creative insight and that radios easily out-distance imagination.

"June Moon," by Ring Lardner and George Kaufman, might at first seem to

be merely an other example of this sort of writing. It is smoothly constructed, sophisticatedly naughty, entirely superficial, and sentimentally concluded. The plot is concerned with a clerk from the General Electric Company offices in Schenectady whose admiration for the lyric products of Tin-Pan Alley is so uneffectively profound that he decides to throw up his job and dedicate his life to creating more of their kind. In pursuit of this laudable ambition, he comes to the great city where his ludicrous misadventures among the cynical and designing denizens of Broadway make up most of the play. It all ends happily when the loutish simplicity of the Schenectady singer is properly crowned with success, and the fruits of his triumph and the singer himself are saved from the clutches of a wicked woman by the intervention of pure love and fortuitous circumstances.

From the foregoing synopsis the reader might well suppose that unless he is untroubled by the tritely conventional he ought to stay away from the Broadhurst Theater where "June Moon" is playing. But quite the contrary is true. For on this silly loom the authors have woven two hours of genuine entertainment. No

one, I am sure, can be more adept than Ring Lardner at setting down in the correct vernacular that mixture of illiteracy, blowzy sentiment, and cheap cynicism which is the essence of Broadway. And in "June Moon" there are long stretches of Ring Lardner at his best. Of course the very accuracy of observation which makes the dialogue so humorously good at the same time gives it a rather bitter flavor since one is made unescapably aware of the mean, sleazy, selfish, stupid character of much that hides behind that noble appellation, *homo sapiens*. You may wince occasionally, but on the whole you like it. It is dialogue sufficiently good to make this comedy the best in town.

"Three Women and Mr. Clifford"

Ruth Draper is providing nightly at the Comedy Theater a somewhat more polished and sometimes kinder satire in her incomparable monologues. This year she is introducing an almost entirely new program, the main attraction of which is the very ambitious sketch called "Three Women and Mr. Clifford". In it, as in the others in her series, she continues to display her unbelievable gifts of mimicry based on shrewd observation and ironical intelligence. Of course in Miss Draper's work there is much more than satire. Since she is an artist whose technique knows no limits and whose understanding of humanity is equally profound, she can bring to her listeners moments of pitiful and tragic feeling that are seldom equalled in contemporary drama. The three women, however, who minister to the welfare of Mr. Clifford, his secretary, his wife, and his mistress, beautifully realized though they are, are characterizations that are not altogether rounded off with that finely artistic incisiveness that is usual with her. But the whole is still far better entertainment than has been

provided at almost any other Broadway playhouse this year.

Incidentally, Ruth Draper is one pleasure of the theater that Bethlehem and Lehigh could afford to indulge in. Since she relies on voice and gesture and not on scenery and accessories for her astonishing creations; she can be engaged at a very reasonable rate for so accomplished an artist. Let us hope that some local impresario discovers her. But in the meantime she is worth dedicating even so comparatively rare a thing as an evening in New York to seeing.

"Waterloo Bridge"

By ROBERT EMMETT SHERWOOD

Against a background of air-raids in London during the last months of the war an American girl pursuing the oldest profession in the world and an American boy on convalescent leave from the Canadian army stumble into a chance romance of the streets. The girl, Myra Deauville (nee Jones or Brown or Smith) has just returned after a summer of farmeretting and has not yet had time to don her war-paint and boa before the boy, Roy Cronin, whistles himself across her path along Waterloo Bridge. Skilfully injecting her suitcase between his feet she brings him to a halt. He is an easy catch. Unluckily, however, Myra's summer in the shade of the old apple tree has so completely erased the wear and tear of business cares that he fails to understand the meaning of the encounter. The discovery of a common origin in the land of the free and the fact that Roy is "aching for a woman" complete his conquest. Unsuspecting, he accompanies her to her characteristic lodgings, presided over by an ogress of a landlady who provides a bit of comedy by periodically raising the rent. They dine meagrely together on fish and chips, Roy doesn't tumble, and at the witching hour Myra sends

him home.

The next day he turns up again, still full of love and protection, and is easily induced by one Kitty, a fellow artisan of Miss Deauville's, to propose marriage. Myra returns at this point. Her spiritual regeneration is now complete, though she has had a technical lapse during the night. She therefore refuses, is unable to explain, consents, asks for time enough to change her dress, and exits through the window. The ogress then tells Roy the whole story, in words Saxon enough to please the most hardy. He tugs a bit at his collar, pays Myra's rent for a month in arrears and two weeks in advance, and dashes out the door. That night they meet again on Waterloo Bridge, whither both have been drawn by the Force of Destiny; there are tears, protestations, exhibitions of supreme self-sacrifice; Roy wants to desert, and there is talk of duty; a military policeman appears, and Roy shuffles on to the station, for his leave has been cancelled and he must be off to the trenches again. One doesn't quite know whether they will meet again or not, and if they do, what will happen. For Myra, since Roy has signed over most of his pay to her, one hopes the best.

The play is worth seeing. Except in the last scene there is a minimum of gush, and all through there is a great deal of honest dialogue, much of it clever, though the lines seldom reach the slyness of those in "The Road To Rome." As a bit of life, I think the play suffers from the necessity of making the girl girlish enough to deceive the boy completely, and the boy boyish enough to turn the siren into an essential mother. The staging is good and the acting excellent, especially that of the two principals, Miss June Walker and Mr. Glenn Hunter.

"The Way of Ecben"

By JAMES BRANCH CABELL

It is a good many years since James Branch Cabell started telling the story of far-away Cockaigne, of Jurgen, Horvendile, and the goddess Etarre. When all others were worshipping at the shrine of realism, Cabell turned away from reality and sought the old pagan gods of dream and fantasie. And so he wove strange and wonderful tales into a glamorous, glittering pattern for the world to marvel at. Now he has finished.

"The Way of Ecben" is the story of a king and gentleman who hears the music of Etarre from behind the moon. Renouncing his throne and his bride, he sets forth, as many others have before him, to find Etarre. After many vicissitudes he finds her, only to discover that attaining her was worth less than the attempt to attain her, than his devotion to an ideal.

That is all of the story. Its plot is fragile, but its setting is very well down. As Cabell himself says, he is more concerned with the method of telling a story rather than the story itself.

In the second part of the book, the author gives his opinions on life, letters, and the younger generation. In addition, he explains why he is finished with writing. While most of the essays are quite entertaining, there is nothing exceptionally original in them. Perhaps it is just as well that Mr. Cabell has decided to retire from the literary field.

MEDIOCRITY

By FELIX B. SHAY

MEDIOCRITY is at once the bogey and the predestination of the college man. Why do we dread the commonplace? Why do we fear the thought of a convenient and conventional Babbit-like existence? Does education make us believe that a so-called solid citizenship is to be avoided? These are questions that continually occur to the undergraduate who stops to consider life beyond the Ivy Oration.

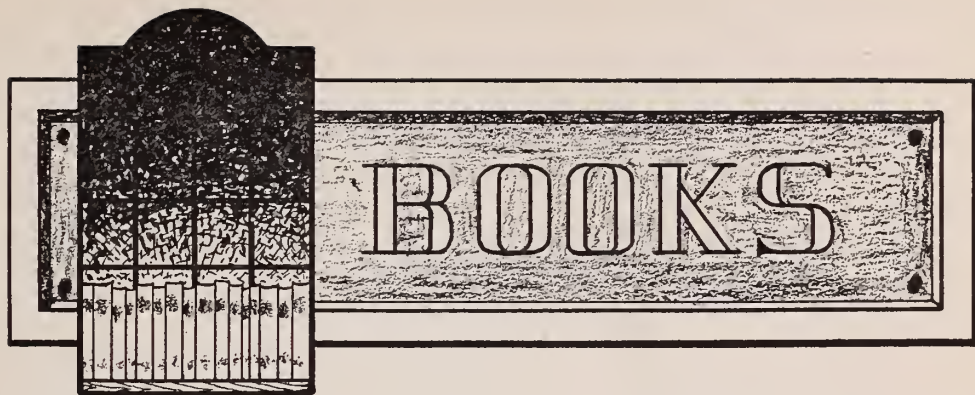
This fear of the commonplace is inextricably linked with the natural ambition of youth. We all wish to be Alexanders, Disraelis, or Rockefellers. We all think within ourselves that we're all potential marvels in some branch of endeavor. We all wish to burn up the world, to show the home-town folks that we're the boys that the brass bands are called out for. Well, we're not, and why aren't we?

We fail to do these things because we easily become satisfied whatever existence we find ourselves in after graduation. We become blinded by temporary comforts and lull ourselves into a false security. When we awake we have a plump wife, two children, a Buick, and a dull sense of amazement. It is the rare person who escapes this type of existence, and those who do escape often envy those who don't.

Why not try to better one's life instead of taking the pattern from the dead ashes of the past. Man is capable of greater

things than he accomplishes. This very fact is the answer to the riddle of the easy slump of the present college man. There is a reason known to the gods alone for man's lassitude of spirit. The easy way, the conventional forms, require no greatness of mind. It is the man who makes the sacrifices who achieves the highest happiness. The main factor in accomplishment is the determination to never veer from the objective that you have set for yourself, no matter what the temptation. A safe and sane existence may seem to offer the short cut to happiness, but the happiness will be as short as the path itself. The only true happiness lies in the gratification of one's highest desires, and it is well to see them as high as you can reach. Only the Victorious fighter knows the true satisfaction of vigorous triumph. Do not lapse into the slough of everyday life. Try to fly, and though you bump the ground you must succeed through persistence.

The college man has a running start, but lacks the finishing drive. The radical at college becomes the conservative in life. The campus visionary turns into an after-dinner speaker at the monthly meeting of the Rotarians. Keep up the momentum you have acquired in college. Make yourself believe that you will succeed no matter what the price and then you will leave Main Street and the Bond Salesman far behind.



"The Good Companions"

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

Here is an English novel, written in the old Dickensian tradition, by a young Britisher who has already built up a quite solid literary reputation for himself on both sides of the Atlantic. This voluminous novel (640 pages) contains all the humour and wisdom of the older English story, but is treated from a wholly modern and quick-witted standpoint.

Briefly stated, the story is of a traveling troupe, "The Good Companions," who perform at the English resorts and present to the reader a play composed of their own loves and adventures. The troupe is joined by three diverse characters: Jess Oakroyd, a Yorkshire workman who becomes stage carpenter for the show; Miss Trant, a most proper spinster, who surprisingly enough becomes manager of the Companions; and Inigo, a young school master with a musical bent, who joins up as pianist. Thus staffed, "The Good Companions" set out on their journies, and in doing so present a story that is one of those fascinating and absorbing tales that comes along so seldom.

"Modesta"

By G. B. STERN

No one disputes the claim that Miss Stern can write more entertainingly of

Italy and Italians than any other English author. This was proven beyond a doubt when "A Deputy Was King" and "The Matriarch" were published. And so one might expect that "Modesta" would be a charming and colorful Italian tale, as it is.

The story is a modernized version of Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew" with a stormy and ravishing Italian belle as Katherine and a serious young Englishman as Petrucchio. Laurie Ferrier, visiting English friends in a little Italian village, marries Modesta, one of the servants, and takes her home with him to London. He has very chivalrous ideas about women and decides that this little Italian girl shall become an English lady and his equal in every particular. Modesta, unversed in such a chivalric code, looks down on the "simpatico" Laurie as a result. Learning to be a lady, she puts on such aristocratic and absurd airs that her husband realizes what has happened to her. He tricks her into returning to her native village where he proceeds to tame her in a novel and highly amusing fashion.

"Modesta" is full of colorful description and clever word-craftmanship. In addition, it possesses a wit that is at times fine and subtle, but which on occasion becomes Falstaffian and highly robust.

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(Continued from Page 22)

mine—don't take him!" Hysterically, she fell on her knees, and prayed. Forgotten words of years ago—with religious fervor, she offered her pleas to an Almighty.

A crash on the rickety stairway, and a foul epithet was her answer. The door banged open, and in strode the object of her recent devotions. He was stewed to the gills—his dirty shirt was torn to shreds. His breath was horrible, and there were slopped-up rouge marks all over his face and ears. The stale smell of cheap perfume was on his clothing. He snarled, fetched his wife a blow across the mouth that cut her lips open, and he threw himself on the bed, dead to the world. The dirty beast. She became furious, and grabbed a chair and threw it with all the might at her command. She was frenzied with hate and savage outrage, from the years of mistreatment at the hands of that big pig. A leg of the chair caught Mike in the eye. He'd feel it in the morning. Too shot now. Probably need a few stitches though. Satisfied somewhat with the extent of the damages, and rolling out curses with every breath, she managed to push him over, and then lay down beside him.



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(Continued from Page 44)

entific accomplishments, for no one else ever found the multiplicity of natural phenomena so provocative of curiosity and interest, so lavish in affording stimulus to the imagination. Science is indebted to Leonardo for the revivifying breath that eked its living out in a most dismal time; he clothed its lean frame with the most striking generalizations, and dignified its tender years with lucid and rational processes of thought. Of those who would disparage his labors, who would dismiss his pronouncements as the fanfaronade of a charlatan, nothing need be said except that they are encroaching upon the province of Time. For the glory of the man is not in his mechanical creations but in his being. The road to the dimly-defined realm to which aspired the "divinity that stirred within" him could no more be laid in iron than in dust. Of the "pulvis et umbra", what of the dust?—only an agglutinated pile about which hovers the shade—"the eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind!"



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